THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE LAND OF MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I.

Far beyond the Ocean's bound,
Far beyond the purple West,
Where, in ancient song renowned,
Bloomed the Islands of the Blest;
'Neath the span of sapphire skies,
Robed in woods for ever green—
A wondrous land there ever lies—
The "Land of Might have been."

II.

In the Summer's golden hours,
When the Sunset hues enfold
All this gloomy earth of ours
In their crimson and their gold—
Or when Winter's fire burns low,
Oft by Fancy's eye is seen,
'Mid the embers' dying glow,
The "Land of Might have been."

III.

All unknown in that fair land
Are the ills that hearts endure,
Sinless every tongue and hand—
Man is true, and woman pure.
And Misfortune's bitter blast,
Shame, Despair, and Sorrow keen,
Are but memories of the past
In the "Land of Might have been."

IV.

All the dreams our Childhood nursed,
Ere we woke to sin and care,
Which the touch of Life dispersed—
Have their bright fulfillment there.
All the hopes that Earth has crossed,
Wear the freshness of their sheen;
Not one ray of glory lost—
In the "Land of Might have been."

V.

There the Friend, whose love beyond
Woman's love, to us was true;
Till our treason broke the bond,
Prayer and tear could not renew—
With his clasp, no longer cold,
With his cheerful voice and mien,
Lo, the friend we loved of old—
In the "Land of Might have been."

VI.

There the Girl we wooed in vain,
Deaf to Passion's last appeal,
Whose remembrance is a pain
Which no after joys can heal—
With her crown of bridal flowers,
On our breast behold her lean,
And her eyes look love to ours—
In the "Land of Might have been."

VII.

All the sons of Adam's line,
Fain would seek to enter there,
Fain would throng its shores divine,
And its sweet repose would share;
But the mighty Angel's hand
Waves his fiery sword between.
None may tread the wondrous land—
The "Land of Might have been."

H. C. ADAMS.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &c.

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CHAPTER VII.

I do believe
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things, hopes which will not deceive.
—*Childe Harold.*

I am delighted to be at Laurelwood again.

In the ripened flushes of gold and crimson the season seems to gather up its trailing garments and sweep imperiously through fields of mellow sunshine, groves of flowers and clustering trees, leaving the maple scarlet and glowing with the warm embrace, and lighting the whole landscape with tawny flames. I thrill at the splendor and long to hold the days in some giant clasp, that they fly not too rapidly. Long, inspiriting rides bring a flush to my cheek, and sometimes I can almost feel the fire that I know must flash from my eyes.

Mrs. Lawrence left me alone with nature while she prepared the house for a ball, that I might not lack in-door entertainment. I thought there was nothing to improve, but she did find some alterations to make. She has a remarkable eye, certainly. I don't wonder that Mr. St. John admires her. She is so quiet and elegant in all she does. I believe she could have every thing taken out of the drawing-room and replaced without a person suspecting it from any noise or bustle.

The house was a marvel on the night of the ball. The spacious hall, with its marble floor polished anew, every niche surprising you with a tall vase of flowers or some dainty statue gracefully posed; the wide stairs, with their soft carpet, a mass of delicate climbing vines and moss that seemed to have been just gathered from rank shady woods, yet dripping with moisture. The lights were softened in order to give it a dreamy, suggestive look, rather than a brilliant glare.

If possible the drawing-room was still more magnificent. At any time it was a store-house of rare treasures, so exquisitely arranged that it never seemed crowded, and yet lured you on and on with a sense of undiscovered beauty. On the opposite side of the hall the library displayed its choice stores, and the gilded organ pipes made bright one shadowy corner. A large reception room for ordinary purposes had been turned into a cosy nook by bringing out some curious little stands, exquisitely carven or inlaid until they looked like pure mother of pearl. A vase of flowers, a book of engravings or some odd foreign toy won you to look, and then a luxurious chair wooed you to stay.

Mr. St. John asked me to go through the rooms before the revel began, never checking my enthusiasm in its wildest flights. I think he has been more friendly of late; some of his moods absolutely startle me, for I feel as if I were drifting down some weird, entrancing shore, and long to reach out my hand to cling to solid rock or tree. I am afraid of him, and yet I never appear to have the power to rescue myself. I am not sure but I like that bright, generous geniality best; it has less power in it, and does not give one the sense of hurrying on breathlessly—whither?

All the neighboring gentry had been invited, and some guests from a distance. By dusk there was a trooping through the halls, and a low, pleasant confusion of voices. I obeyed Mrs. Lawrence's injunctions and kept to my room. Thirza, it seemed, would never have done with me. I had grown quite used to her pleasant service, but now she dallied unconsciously.

A servant came up from Mr. St. John. He had sent me a few cromatilla rose-buds and lemon blossoms to wear, and I thanked him from the depth of my heart for his interest.

At last I was dressed. Mrs. Lawrence pronounced me perfect. I hardly knew myself, I was such a marvel of tulle and wraith-like blonde lace, that must have been woven in Arachne's loom, and still seemed glittering with dew drops.

"This outshines Newport," I said with a gay laugh.

The rooms were filling rapidly when Mr. St. John escorted me down. Two or three familiar voices restored my mental equilibrium, but it seemed to me a perfect chaos of silk and satin and jewels, with waves of lace and shimmer of curls like sunshine. The band was stationed in the hall, and were giving some low, suggestive airs, that made the scene appear more than ever like enchantment.

Mr. Graham came to claim me for the first quadrille. I felt quite at home with him, and he was delighted with the favor.

"What has happened to you?" he asked in the earliest pause. "You have blossomed like some magnificent tropical plant. I could hardly believe my sight at the first glance."

I had grown accustomed to admiration and only smiled.

"What a day that was in the summer. I wonder if you remember it?"

"I have a pretty good memory," I said.

"I thought of you at Newport, and was tempted to make a flying visit. Only it wouldn't have been half the pleasure to you that it would have proved to me."

It was our turn now and I was glad. But if his lips were silent, his eyes still spoke. I couldn't help thinking about his engagement with a sort of dim misgiving. Had I been unwise that summer day? Mr. St. John had lectured me about it crossly enough, but then my conscience had acquitted me.

"I will be very careful," I said to myself, as a crash of music announced the quadrille ended.

"Have you been introduced to father?" Mr. Graham asked, instead of seating me. "They were quite late in coming down. I believe mother thought she must make herself especially grand in order to do honor to Miss Adriance."

"Then I must reward her," I said smilingly, and we took our way through the crowd.

General Graham, stout, rosy, and undeniably Scotch without his strong accent, pleased me at once. Mrs. Graham, fair, round and motherly, with a sweet face and silvery voice, and beside them a petite fairy with soft brown curls and eyes like the starry flax flower.

"My cousin—Miss Keith," Hugh Graham said.

I ventured another look. It seemed to me as if I must have seen her somewhere before. One of those dim impressions that affect the brain so singularly.

Mr. St. John came in sight. "I believe there is an inquiry for you in the hall," he remarked.

"I'm to have another quadrille," Mr. Graham said in a whisper.

Miss Keith was dancing opposite this time. What a tender, loving little face! what entreating eyes! I wondered if she was fond of her cousin? Somehow it wasn't a marriage at all to my fancy. Were people continually misplaced?

There was not much time for speculation, however. The gay scene was delightful and appealed to every sense. I danced, chatted, promenaded the rooms and hall, listened to flatteries that were delicate and some that were distasteful; and as a ball I fancy it was a brilliant success. People strayed away in little groups and lingered in shady corners, laughed and talked, looked at the pictures and examined the curious articles of foreign *virtu* in that informal manner as if they felt entirely at ease. The supper passed off delightfully. I had never seen anything so beautiful as the table. The china brilliant and thin, glasses ground and cut until they caught the light at every point, an epergne of frosted silver in which flowers and fruit were one tangled mass of color and beauty, and two vases of Malachite festooned around the edges with hanging clusters of luscious purple grapes, forming a glowing contrast. I absolutely wondered how any one could eat in that dazzle of loveliness.

It had not palled upon me when it ended. Indeed I had been in unusual spirits all the evening. The gayety seemed less frivolous here where there was no gossip of lovers and good marriages. At least if there was I did not hear it.

The Grahams were among those who remained all night, and we had a cosy breakfast late the next morning with the dining-room quite in its usual trim, and no faded fragments of our night's dissipation visible. I found Miss Keith very shy but with an odd charm, I might say quaintness, that gave me a desire to know more about her.

General Graham gave us a most cordial invitation to visit Mont Argyle, his residence, some distance from Laurelwood. A kind, courtly old gentleman that I confess I admired exceedingly. Hugh seconded his father with an entreating glance.

"I wish you would come real soon, Miss Adriance," Miss Keith said, shyly raising her eyes from the glimmer of their long lashes. "We are quiet people, and cannot promise you so much magnificence, but out of doors the country around us is grand. There are some splendid rides."

"And of course you ride, Miss Adriance," Hugh exclaimed. "It is one of my passions. We have some magnificent horses at any rate," and he laughed.

Miss Keith evidently was not given to jealousy. I experienced a strong inclination to take her in my arms and kiss the sweet face, but I was a little afraid of Mr. St. John's distant eyes, and so behaved discreetly.

After that episode, or rather plunge into society, I floated upon the topmost wave. I am ashamed to chronicle the little progress I made in more solid matters. I found no time for study, very little for reading, and the merest point for reflection, though so much gayety does not tend to sharpen one's faculties unless it may be in the matter of dress. The lazy languor of mornings abed when the brain still lingers in cloudy dreamland, evenings filled with music, conversation, and the pleasant nothings that pass between well-bred and genial people. One thing gave me a secret little pain—I am almost ashamed to confess it—but Mr. St. John and I drifted apart—I seemed to lose the little hold I had once gained. We did not quarrel, indeed he was considerate and polite, solicitous for my enjoyments, and left me at the fullest liberty. As if he did not seem to care, or thought my pleasures quite too frivolous for him.

I believe Mrs. Lawrence took unbounded satisfaction in my dawning career. The house was thronged with visitors, and we were besieged by invitations. I did try to hold myself aloof from more meaning attentions, for the triumph in such cases would not pay me for the pain, I well knew.

We met Hugh Graham frequently, sometimes with his cousin, oftener without. I had a consciousness that he took especial pleasures in these encounters. To dance with me, take me to supper, or any attention where he could clasp my fingers for a moment, was a delight which he did not care to conceal. It made me nervous, for I knew he had no right thus to display fondness for another woman, and I feared it was but working unhappiness for himself. He could never awaken within me the friendship that had been given to Philip so spontaneously, and no warmer sentiment would ever have been possible. There were many pleasant traits in his character, but it possessed no vital attraction for me. I was learning to make some fine distinctions.

Mrs. Lawrence saw no danger. Perhaps she had too much faith in her own creed to believe heresy possible. One morning when we were alone, I said—

"When does Mr. Graham expect to marry his cousin?"

"Oh, I suppose there's no hurry. Although she is past twenty-one she still looks a very child, and he seems fond of his liberty. As they have always known each other there is no extravagant romance about the engagement.

"I wonder if they love each other?"

"As much as is necessary, I suppose," and the placid eyes just lifted themselves from a dainty bit of crocheting.

"My dear Mrs. Lawrence, how much *is* necessary?" I said with some impatience.

"Not as much as you think. They are very well matched indeed, and having been brought up together their regard is a matter of gradual growth. She will make a quiet little wife and never annoy him by any foolish officiousness. He will keep up his house in the style of his father and lead a happy, easy, social life."

"But there seems no heart in it," I said warmly. "I should like him better if he evinced a decided preference for her. She is a pretty dainty little thing, and a man might well be proud of her."

"It is questionable taste to display much fondness in society."

"He need not be silly about it. But I have seen his eyes light up and his whole face in a glow at some other woman's coming," and then I paused half-frightened, for I seemed upon the verge of an unwise confession.

"Most young men are somewhat given to flirting," she said with superb indifference. "In a case like this it does no harm, for their engagement is settled, and I think Mr. Graham has too much sense to give up his cousin and her fortune for any foolish passion. A man is expected to make himself agreeable in society, before he is married, at least."

"It would never do for me," I said with a rising flush. "If a man loved me at all, I should want his entire regard. I shouldn't like to see him radiant for another, and coldly polite to me."

"That spirit is wonderfully becoming to your style," she returned, glancing at me, for she could stop anywhere to announce some grace, or special defect that she wanted remedied, just as Siebenka's wife could count the striking of the clock between her husband's kisses. "Only I should advise you not to try it too often with a husband. Women rarely gain a point by making a desperate assault, while a little skillful managing works wonders."

"I detest managing!" I exclaimed. "I should be perfectly satisfied to take the truth from any one else, and I must tell it."

"Experience will teach you many things," she said, "and soften your asperities."

Those remarks always vexed me. Did every one invariably reach the same common-place level in feeling? So I took refuge in silence lest I should prove unamiable.

Among the Christmas invitations was one to Mont Argyle. It was made doubly tempting to Mrs. Lawrence from the fact that some distinguished guests had been asked to meet her, and as it were placed it out of her power to refuse. Hugh rode over with the note and was to spend the night.

"I wish we were not going," I said to Mr. St. John.

"So your enthusiastic penchant for Miss Keith has ended? About the duration of a woman's fancy," and he gave that light, irritating laugh.

"I like and admire Miss Keith exceedingly."

"But the whim has taken you! I doubt if my sister will consent to your staying home alone."

I wonder if I had said my say woman-fashion it would have made any difference? My delicacy *did* shrink from parading this man's regard before other eyes. It seemed like an insult to offer such attentions to me.

And yet that evening I found Hugh very gentlemanly and deferential. Had I misjudged him?

As we were to remain several days, Thirza had to look over the finery and pack a trunk full. Just before we started a letter came from Laura Hastings, enclosing wedding cards. The missive was eminently characteristic.

"You see," she wrote, "that in spite of your sage counsel and advice I am about to take the fatal step. The brown-stone mansion on Fifth Avenue and the prospect of queening it royally have proved too much for me. I am about to commit the unpardonable sin of marrying a man old enough to be my father, and trust to my wisdom to make a most amiable husband of him. He adores me—(my dear, old men are always foolish) and I have persuaded him to take me to Europe. He is indulgent and not given to jealousy, and I fancy we shall be as happy as most people. Think of me in diamonds and point lace, and confess your love in a cottage looks shabby by comparison."

Laura's destiny was settled then. Mrs. Lawrence considered her prospects very brilliant. Was the whole world given to the worship of mammon?

There had been a heavy fall of snow, and our journey to Mont Argyle was very delightful to me. Perhaps the more so because Mr. St. John was so bright and companionable. When we came in sight of the place it looked picturesque in the extreme. Doubtless great offences had been committed against the rules of architecture, but with all the points and angles hooded in snow it was a veritable fairy palace. Great evergreens were draped in ermine, clustering vines made sparkling snow wreaths, tipped with whitest blossoms. It was quite a luxury, and the country people were making the most of it.

As to interior Mont Argyle looked most inviting. Cosy rooms warm and light, deep windows, little nooks and corners, and a fragrant perfume from the Christmas decorations, the spicy odor brought out by contact with the heat. Clusters of bright berries interspersed, and vases of cut flowers giving a kind of summery suggestion.

I felt quite well acquainted with Miss Keith from our frequent meetings, and yet I hesitated a little in making advances.

"I am so glad to have you here," she said, as I came down-stairs. I always made my toilette operations brief when left to myself, and I was anxious to gain a few moments before dinner.

"Are you, really?" and I glanced at her pure, sweet face.

"Yes, I have been counting upon a visit for so long—since that night of the ball. What a lovely time it was! And Laurelwood is so perfect in itself. I don't blame you for wanting to stay there. And then such hosts of engagements as you must have!"

"I do live in a whirl," I said, laughingly.

"But it must be very charming, to have people like you so well—though I don't know how one could help paying you homage."

"So you think the royal road to my heart is flattery?"

"No. And that isn't flattery either. But if I *could* find the royal road—"

"Well, what would you do?"

"Besiege the castle."

Her frank eyes touched me with their pleading light.

"It capitulates;" and I stooped to give her the kiss I had held in my heart for her a long while.

Hugh sauntered up to us, and began to talk to me. I watched them both narrowly. They certainly were *not* in love with each other. If there had ever been any flame of passion, it had burned itself out.

Dinner was announced, and from that till bed time I hardly said ten words to Miss Keith. For at the table the conversation was general, and led by General Graham, who proved an admirable host. Afterward I sang a little and woke an admiring chord in the general's heart. He had volumes of old ballads, and kept making selections so continually, that his niece interfered.

"I am afraid we shall tire Miss Adriance," she said, gently.

"Oh no," I replied. "Music is one of my luxuries, and I like to make it afford pleasure to others."

"Your singing is a part of yourself," Hugh whispered. "It is connected with my first sweet memories of you."

I would not even raise my eyes to this, but an uncomfortable flush crept over my face.

Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Graham settled to a harmless, high-bred gossip about laces, and jewels, and silks. Mr. St. John looked over a book of Italian engravings with Miss Keith—Ellen her name was. Their conversation had a look of animation, for her eyes brightened, and a faint peach blossom tint fluttered over her face. Now and then a murmur of his voice floated to me in soft deliciousness that stirred me strangely. He *did* admire her.

Hugh Graham and his father were stationed one upon each side of me, and I studiously averted the glances that annoyed me. *Would* no one see? Were they all blind, or was this harmless flirting?

"There," General Graham said at length. "You have given me a rare treat, and I will not be unreasonable. Few young ladies would entertain an old man so pleasantly. Ellen often sings to me, but she is our own."

He uttered the last two words with a lingering fondness.

"You are to come to me for music while I stay, since you can compliment so prettily," I returned, with a smile; and then I ensconced myself beside Mrs. Lawrence, keeping Hugh at bay. We retired quite early, in view of the next night's dissipation.

The Christmas dinner at Mont Argyle was different from most of the festivities I had shared. A select but really delightful party, with some old Scotch traits and preferences. An evening of dancing and other entertainments, and a veritable mistletoe bough under which there was no little amusement.

I had been waltzing with Hugh, perhaps

a not very prudent movement when I had been rather curt and cold all day, but it was one of those events that it seemed quite out of my power to prevent. Being warm and tired, I declared I should dance no more, and drew my hand away with a petulant gesture.

A moment before I had seen Ellen enter the conservatory, and as some one called Hugh I followed thither.

She was not there, but I sat down on a low bench and glanced out of the window at the moonlight—frosty it appeared as the snow. How strangely cold and still all that great world looked in its garb of ermine.

There was a step beside me and a form bent over, clasping me with unmistakable fervor.

"My darling! my darling!" was breathed through passionate lips.

I tried to raise myself, but the branches caught my dress.

"You must hear me now. All day you have shunned me and treated me coldly, because you knew—"

"Hush, Mr. Graham," I said, at last, confronting him in the shady light made by the branches. "You have no right to say such words to me."

"I have the right of a man who has just learned what love is; who snaps the green withes that bound him and dares to think for himself. And I believe you *do* care. I have seen the color come and go in your face. You have kept outwardly tranquil because you were proud and honorable; but that is no longer necessary. I shall not hesitate to acknowledge my mistake—mistake indeed! I never knew what love was until I met you last summer; and Heaven can bear me witness that I have been true to that one thought!"

All this had been uttered in a rapid breath—a resistless torrent that I could not check.

"Mr. Graham," I said, coldly, "your truth and honor are due to another woman."

"She shall no longer stand between. I will tell her this very hour. If I have been weak in waiting—"

"You were weakest when you loved me. Listen while I say that I do not, cannot love you."

"Because you think of my cousin and the bond between. I did not know when I drifted into that compact that the world held such a glorious woman—that I should see her, hear her speak, clasp her soft fingers in such a tender touch."

"This is a wild, unreasoning passion. It humbles me to be made the recipient of it. Let me go, Mr. Graham!"

"No, you shall not leave me until you have said one little word—that I am dear to you. I can wait for love. I can earn forgiveness by devotion."

If I had loved him I must have yielded to that imploring face. But instead of a simple liking I began to experience an aversion.

"Shall I call for assistance? A guest in your own house!"

My tones were haughty, and I believe my eyes literally flashed fire.

"My darling, you are cruel;" and he stood apart with folded arms.

I passed out, meeting Ellen in the hall.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Your face is in a glow, and your hands are like ice. Where have you been?"

Before I could answer, some one joined us. I was glad to see a movement among the guests for departure. We returned to the drawing-room where General Graham was wishing a party good-night. Mr. St. John stood by the mantle an impassable statue. There could be no going to him for counsel.

I saw no more of Hugh that night, but I took Ellen up to my room.

"What a curious mood you are in," she said, presently; "or do you always grow handsome at midnight when other people begin to fade. For you are so brilliant, you look quite uncanny!"

"Ellen," I began, "are you satisfied with having me here? Would you not be happier if we had never met?"

She looked wonderingly at me an instant, then the soft eyes drooped.

"No," she said, "do not think of that. If you will only let me love you—but you have such a strange weird charm that I sometimes feel almost afraid."

"How much do you love your cousin?"

After I had asked the abrupt question, I felt abashed.

"Oh," she said, with a little cry, "don't think of me. I guessed it all long ago. Our engagement was a childish affair—better broken than kept. And if you can make him happier—"

"He has been mistaken," I returned, with a rising flush. "You may feel that I have led him on but to mock him at the last; yet it is not so. I have tried to make him understand that his attentions were not only wrong, but distasteful to me. I have endeavored to lead him to think of you—"

"There is no reason now," she said, almost joyfully. "Do not think I shall be heart-broken."

"My dear Ellen, if you *can* comprehend," I exclaimed, impatiently, "I do not love your cousin."

She looked blankly at me. I believe she suffered deeply for his disappointment.

"Don't hate me," was my imploring petition. "If you *could* know how honorable I have tried to be, even if these black facts do stare me in the face. And I have not one friend to pity or comfort."

She kissed me tenderly. I fancied there were some tears upon her face. Yet she was not throbbing nor trembling as I did in every pulse.

"Dear," she said, "it is late, and you are over excited. Rest assured that I do not blame you. I had only hoped—" and her pale lips quivered.

"And you did not love him? Tell me that again."

"I did not love him, though I should have spent my life in trying to make him happy."

There was no mistaking that calm tone.

"Ellen, do you know what love is?"

I enclosed the little face suddenly with my hand and turned it toward the light. It was a vivid crimson. Ashamed of having thus rudely wrested her secret from her I let her go. We kissed again in silence, and parted. I hugged to my heart the consciousness that there was some real love in the world. But did it ever meet with a just reward?

CHAPTER VIII.

We twain have met like ships upon the sea,
To hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet.
One little hour! And then away they sped
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam,
Perchance to meet no more. —*Alex. Smith.*

I slept very little that night, and kept revolving the problem of destiny in my mind. How oddly we all get linked together and confused by a tangle of circumstances! Could I have done differently, and would it have been best? Would Ellen have been happy in marrying her cousin?

I was still in bed when Thirza came, although the sun was shining in at every window. I felt languid and apprehensive, and wished I could be transported back to Laurelwood. Instead, I must go through not only this day but one or two more, keeping my serenity undisturbed, outwardly at least.

I found Ellen waiting for me in the hall, and appreciated the act of delicacy on her part. We were the last to enter the breakfast-room. Hugh's color deepened as I gave him a furtive glance, but the conversation being general, all awkwardness soon passed away. Our host was planning a drive for the morning's enjoyment, though Mrs. Graham insisted we had much better stay at home and rest. When I found the general had decided to take me in his party, I was ready to go; for at present I did not desire to risk another interview with Hugh. But this gave me no opportunity to see Ellen; for after lunch there was music, and a few calls which occupied the time until dinner. However, we all dispersed early in the evening. I caught a glimpse of the wistful eyes following me, and said, in a low tone—

"Will you come to my room, Ellen?"

"With pleasure," was the response.

So after Thirza had brushed out my hair, I dismissed her. A moment after I answered the low tap at my door.

Ellen seated herself on the hassock, and leaned her arms upon my knee. What a simple, lovely child she seemed.

"I have had a long talk with Hugh today," she began. "We are both better satisfied to give up the engagement. It will disappoint uncle sadly, but I do think it will be wiser for Hugh. I should never have been strong enough to rouse his ambition or pride. It would have proved another wasted life, idled away in ease and indolence. The right chord has been touched, although—" and as she paused I saw a tear glittering on her long lashes.

"I am afraid I have made a good deal of trouble for you all," I returned. "I cannot tell you how much I regret it."

"Is there *no* hope for Hugh? Miss Adriance, you don't know what he is capable of. And if there was some high aim to lead him on, I know he could and would strive to render himself worthy of such a woman."

"My darling, you rate me too highly. I cannot even solve the difficulties in my own path; and I should be a poor guide for any other human soul. Love might inspire a woman; but I have not even that. We could never be anything beyond the most ordinary friends."

"Then it is useless to try?"

"Is not the richest love spontaneous? Why have you failed in learning to love him?"

The fair face flushed and the eyes were downcast.

"I want to be honest with you," she said presently. "I fancied in the earlier years that I did love him. My nature is quiet and to a certain extent passive; he was stronger and swayed me by the force of his impressions; but he was young, and there was no occasion for hurrying our marriage. So it has gone on. Last summer we were staying at Sulphur Springs, uncle's favorite resort. I met a stranger and formed one of those transient acquaintances that generally leave behind only a pleasant memory. But this man had a soul that spoke to mine, moved it as nothing else ever had. I did not dream of danger. On the last evening of his stay we walked together for an hour or two, and drifted out on the swift current of love. It was told in looks and a clasp of the hand, for he knew I was engaged to my cousin, and he waited for a sign from me. I was brave enough then to put by the tempting cup not meant for my lips. Heaven knew what it cost me, but I did it. And if Hugh had loved me I should have striven hard to banish that remembrance."

"Would it have been right?"

"Yes. I cannot argue, I can only understand that strength and courage are meant for just these emergencies. It is when one wants to do a wrong thing that one must pray to be kept from temptation. My duty was here."

"And yet Hugh had failed you before that!"

"I did not know it. He talked of you; still it is only recently that I felt the bond was irksome to him."

"If you had been aware last summer—"

"Don't," she said with a sudden quiver through her frame. "I acted up to the light I had. I wanted above all things to do right, and I was bound by ties of affection to uncle and aunt."

"But you see Hugh didn't stop to think of what was right, or whether he would give you pain. What if you had loved him?"

"Dear, is it wise to suffer over things that can never happen? There is enough pain in our daily lives."

"I think a man should be just as honorable and true and brave as a woman," I said warmly.

"I am glad to have known one man who dared to thrust self behind him, who chose to suffer in silence, rather than pain the woman he loved by useless persuasions, and who was grand enough not to tempt her to break her word."

"Very few men are such heroes," I said, feeling the bitter truth.

"But now and then one stands like a Saul above his fellows. It keeps our faith in human nature from dying utterly."

"And now are your souls to remain forever apart?" I asked eagerly.

"As God wills. If He means that I shall attain to so high a bliss He will bring it to me."

"I could never be so patient. What if Hugh should return to his allegiance?"

"He never will. It is like opening the eyes of the blind."

"What strange lives we women lead," I said impulsively. "We are flattered into thinking ourselves nearly omnipotent, and if we cry for the moon, are told that all these things are above our comprehension. Men can find a proud existence in action; they can rear a grand future. Science and art and employment open to them golden doors, while women sit at home dawdling over idle dreams, their hungry lips stopped with a few trifling flavorless kisses, and then they are expected to be high-minded, lofty of soul and clear of brain. We are fed upon stones or chaff."

"I think all lives may hold in them something good and useful. We too often disdain the common round of duties in longing for some great thing."

"And you mean to take up the 'common round?'" I said with a half smile. "You have gone nearly through the octave for women. I can't make it seem right that one should suffer a good deal and enjoy a very little. I shall not be content to die until I have had one long, delicious draught of joy."

"No fear but that it will be yours. I think you can win every good gift fate has to bestow."

"And you? Is there nothing but neutral tints left?"

"Don't pity me with your great sorrowful eyes, but help me to be strong. I did not mean any one should ever see that grave. Whether there will be a resurrection morning for the buried hope, I cannot tell, but I have no right to brood over it. And now, dearest friend, you know all."

There was a great fire of logs blazing in the wide chimney, and she sat between me and it. The impression that I had seen her somewhere before came over me strongly again. Small, dainty as a sprite, yet exquisitely human, loose curls of palest brown, two or three removes from flaxen, and those soft, heavenly blue eyes. What a strange, dim remembrance it was! Ah—and I gave a sudden start, then laughed as I said—

"Did I alarm you? It was suddenly coming to a pause in a train of thought."

"No," she replied, "but you are nervous and tired and must go to bed."

"Make a compact of friendship with me for all time," I exclaimed as she rose. "I may try you, for I'm impulsive, impatient, and unlike most people, I fancy. But I want the assurance that some one loves me."

"I do indeed." Then our lips met in the quivering radiance of the fire glow, and she stole softly away.

I was content to let her go. I hardly dared believe that first hasty thought right, and yet she was the impersonation of Philip Westervelt's "Ellen." I seemed to understand the key to all his moods that had impressed me vaguely at the time. He had spent part of his summer in Virginia, and it was not at all improbable that they had met. I could satisfy myself easily, and then—why not bring these two souls together without a long and weary probation?

I was convinced the next morning, when I happened to mention him. It was in a conversation with Mrs. Graham, and I dared to expatiate upon the delights of the pleasant home that I had shared for a brief while. The fair face flushed suddenly, and she listened with eager, secret attention, but made no mention of it afterward. I believe I liked her the better for this womanly pride and reserve.

How could I resist a little castle building with such tempting materials?

My own trials were not yet over. Hugh sought me and insisted that I should listen once more to the tale he had to tell. I felt that it would be better to end the matter positively, and yet I own his devotion *did* touch me to the heart's core. He was willing to wait, anxious to undertake any task that would render him more worthy or raise him in my estimation. Any hope, however distant.

I could not make him understand how absolutely hopeless the case was. If I refused him love he begged for friendship, a doubly dangerous boon. Exhorting him to a more stirring and manly life roused anew his passion. I could have cried from very despair.

"Hugh," I said at length, "you will make me hate the day on which I first saw you. It is black enough now."

"A day of days to me," he answered sorrowfully.

Ellen promised me a speedy visit, and the rest were warm in their demonstrations of regard. But I was glad when we were leaving Mont Argyle behind in the distance.

I was afraid Mr. St. John suspected that matters were not in the most tranquil state. He was a little sharp and cynical for several days, but we settled to our olden life, and I was beginning to breathe comfortably, when one morning we were surprised by a call from General Graham. He had brought Ellen, but that was not his real errand, for he was in the library a long while with Mr. St. John. Ellen purposed remaining a week, so I carried her off in triumph, although I trembled for my plans. I intended that Philip should be here when she came.

Mr. St. John sent for me after General Graham had gone. Something in his eyes warned me of danger.

"I have a proposal of marriage for you," he announced in a biting tone, veiling his displeasure with a peculiar suavity of manner.

I colored violently, and felt that I hated Hugh for his pertinacity.

"As your guardian it is my duty to lay it before you," he said with lofty courtesy.

"It was made and answered a fortnight ago," I returned angrily.

"May I ask if you accepted?"

He must have known, but his face was imperturbably calm.

"I did not."

"Ah. It seems that Mr. Hugh Graham, lured from his allegiance to his cousin by a more powerful attraction, has broken his engagement on the strength of some encouragement."

"It is untrue!" I exclaimed indignantly. "I never gave him the slightest hope."

"A man should be wise enough to distinguish, but since women think it no sin to display false lights as it suits a whim or pleasure, we must have a little pity for the unwary."

There was a fine irony in his tones that exasperated me.

"You are unjust, Mr. St. John," I said. "I may have been unwise last summer because I was ignorant, but since then I have been most guarded towards Mr. Graham. I can only say that I am sorry he should have considered it necessary to make any application to you. And if he were to ask me every day, my answer would remain the same."

"Then you decline the honor?" He uttered this with the most profound indifference.

"Should you advise me to accept? Will a man who fails in his first faith be one of the prizes in life's lottery?"

There was a little quiver of the eyelids and the faintest color rising in his cheeks.

"Remember the temptation," he said, ignoring my question.

"Since men are so weak, perhaps strict seclusion would be better for women. They do not like to be held answerable for the faults of others."

"Miss Adriance, what woman would be willing to thus martyr herself?" and he gave a scornful little laugh.

"Well," I returned, roused to resistance, "if they choose to dare the flame let them pay the penalty. My conscience acquits me."

"A fashionable woman's conscience is a convenient article."

If one could only sting him, give him back pain for pain, but I believe the man is invulnerable.

"If you will please inform Mr. Graham that a marriage between us is quite impossible, and that I wish to hear nothing further on the subject, I shall be obliged," I said, sweeping loftily from the room.

From Ellen I learned the state of affairs at Mont Argyle. Hugh had taken upon himself the whole blame and confessed that his love for me would henceforth be the ruling passion of his life. He had begged his father to intercede for him, thinking Mr. St. John might have some power over me. If he had, he was certainly chary of using it. She pleaded with her eyes and her low, faltering voice, but uttered no entreaty.

Before I retired that night I wrote a little note to Philip, telling him that I was unhappy and desired to see him, which was true, for I did not wish to wound the delicacy of either. It was a mere chance whether he would get it and be able to come in time, but I resolved to risk it.

Then we had some quiet, pleasant days in spite of a few small annoyances. Mr. St. John was a delightful attendant when we were together, but if I chanced upon him alone he made me feel there was a gulf between us that had not been satisfactorily bridged over; as if in some way I had mortally offended him. Did he think I ought to have told him before? He surely was not a man to invite confidence.

Perhaps I wrong him there. Ellen thinks him the incarnation of manly goodness and nobility. She never wearies of talking about him. Once I said—"Is he at all like your hero?" and she answered—"He seems different from all other men. I believe a woman would be afraid to love him. My hero, as you call him, is more intensely human."

Would a woman be afraid? I once fancied—

No matter. I know now that it was a mistake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wearing Their Own Hair Again.

Here is a delightful piece of news from Paris:—

"At the last Ball at the Hotel de Ville a revolution was apparent in the ladies' style of head-dress. No chignons, but the hair flowing over the shoulders, and a ringlet or two drawn in front, after the manner introduced by the Princess of Wales in 1863."

Crinoline has gone the way of all departed fashions, and chignons now are doomed to follow the same fate. In cases such as these there is no appeal against the Judgment of Paris. Venus bows to Paris in all matters of the toilette, and Ugliness is sure to imitate whatever Beauty does. Farewell ye chignons, therefore, and ye gregarines infesting them! Farewell ye frowsy frisettes, stolen from the neighing steed! Farewell ye pads of alien hair clipped in Caucasian back slums! Farewell, a long farewell to more than half your greatness, ye fashionable heads! And O ye monstrous hairpins, whose huge nobs the hilts of small swords and of daggers counterfeit, farewell! The Chignon's occupation's gone!

Minnehaha Falls in Cold Weather.

A few evenings since a party went down from Minneapolis, and "illuminated" the falls. They went prepared with material for a strong calcium light, which was displayed from behind the frozen sheet (the concave formation of the precipice, over which the water falls, allowing persons to pass round, under the brink and behind the flowing stream,) with wonderful effect. The whole face of the cataract flowed with intense light, sprays of which shot hither and thither along the ice, studding it with glittering jewels—twice up the ragged spires, hanging on each of their million needle-points, a blazing star tumbled down with each globule of the foam-dashed water like showers of flashing diamonds—floated off, with each glowing feather of the freezing, whirling spray,—streamed upwards and outwards reflected thus from each sparkling prism, until the little grotto was one radiant fairy scene of splendor.—*Minnesotian.*

☞ What becomes of all the gold yearly taken from the bowels of the earth? To think that California, in less than twenty years, has given nine hundred million dollars' worth of the precious metal to the world! and keeps on yielding heavily. It is estimated that next year she will yield $25,000,000; Montana, $12,000,000; Nevada, $20,000,000; Idaho, $10,000,000. The average annual gold crop of the United States is, according to J. Ross Brown, $75,000,000. When we consider that Australia is wonderfully prolific of the auriferous metal, and that there are gold mines of no mean value in other parts of the world, all continually contributing to the grand total, we may well exclaim again, "what has become of all the gold!" and why cannot we have enough of it for our smaller currency.

☞ A Paris newspaper relates that one man stands at a street corner appealing to passers by, with the words: "Have pity on a poor unfortunate man who has had his tax raised." That plea would suit this city very well nowadays.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get a large Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GOSPEL OF THE EPIPHANY. By JOHN C. WILSON, author of "Discourses on Prophecy," "The Divine Man," &c. This is a little work devoted to the enforcing of the doctrine of the second coming of the Saviour. The numerous texts from the Scriptures bearing upon this subject, are quoted—showing how general was the belief of the apostles in the second appearance of their Lord. Published by Howard Challen, 1308 Chestnut street, Phila.

GRACE KENNEDY'S WORKS. This volume contains "Father Clement, a Roman Catholic Story;" "Profession is not Principle;" and "Decision, or Religion must be all or is Nothing." Published by James S. Claxton, Philada.

MANNERS; OR, HAPPY HOMES AND GOOD SOCIETY ALL THE YEAR ROUND. By Mrs. HALE, authoress of "Northwood," "Distinguished Women," "The Vigil of Love," etc., etc. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE FREEBOOTERS. A Story of the Texan War. By GUSTAVE AIMARD. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE ANTIQUARY. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by C. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

BLEAK HOUSE. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by C. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for May, 1868. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE. May, 1868. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York.

PRIME DU JOURNAL LES MODES PARISIENNES. Les Artistes Contemporains Cinquante Tableaux and Sculptures Dessinés par Les Artistes Exposants. Graves par M. BOETZEL. For sale by John Penington & Son, Phila.

LES FILLES D'EVE ALBUM DE TRAVESTISSEMENTS PLUS OU MOINS HISTORIQUES. Par A. GARVIN. For sale by John Penington & Son, Phila.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. May, 1868. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 819 and 821 Market street, Phila.

☞ AMERICAN COINS.—At a recent sale in New York of silver coins of the United States, a quarter dollar of 1823, very rare, there having been not more than a score, probably, ever put into circulation, sold for $47.50. A dime of 1842, very fine impression, brought $25. Of the half-dimes, that of 1794 brought $10, and others from that date to 1801 brought from $3.25 to $3.60 each. The half-dime of 1802, which is said to be more rare than any other coin in the American silver series, there being but three specimens known, was bought for $45. Large prices were paid for other coins, of which the largest was for the silver dollar of 1804, which was purchased for $750.

☞ The feat has been practically accomplished of sending two telegraphic despatches, at the same time, from opposite directions, over the same wire, on long distances. It will prove of great value in the construction of new lines, making only one wire necessary, and saving the sixty or seventy dollars a mile which would be required for a second wire. It will also increase greatly the actual working power of existing companies.

☞ Hamlet, in the new opera of that name, stabs the King, and marries happily. But his bride is not Ophelia.

ENGLISH EPITAPHS.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Epitaphs in England are of three orders, each with two classes. There is the commonplace unobjectionable (such as the mere name and date, with a text or two added), and the commonplace extremely objectionable, such as:—

"Affliction sore, Long time I bore."

Then there is the grotesque intentional, and the grotesque unintentional. Among the former we should rank the epitaph on Mr. Foote, of Norwich:—

"Here lies one Foote, whose death may thousands save,
For Death hath now one foot within the grave."

And the one on Mr. Box:—

"Here lies one Box within another,
The one of wood was very good,
We cannot say so much for t'other."

Or this one on a bellows-maker:—

"Here lies John Mellows,
The Prince of Good Fellows,
Clerk of All-hallows,
And maker of bellows,
He bellows did mend till the day of his death;
But he who made bellows could never make breath."

Or this, at Manchester, on an old man:—

"Here lies John Hill,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten;
He ne'er did good,
Nor ever would,
Had he lived as long again."

Or this on a dyer:—

"Beneath this turf a man doth lie,
Who dyed to live, and lived to die."

As for the unintentionally grotesque epitaphs, they may be found in almost every churchyard in England. Now and then, when we hear of them, we have a suspicion that they are "too good to be true," but he who has had any experience of British monumental stupidity, will hesitate to put limits to the absurdity it may display. The following are a few which we recall to mind, omitting such as we happen to have elsewhere seen in print. Can anything be more simply touching than the second line of this couplet:—

"IN MEMORY OF JOHN DALY, &c.
He died of a Quinsy,
And was buried *at Binsy*."

Or the third of this triplet:—

"Here lieth wrapt in clay
The body of William Wray
—I have no more to say."

There is certainly no lack of faith displayed in the following, which is, we believe, to be found in Sunbury churchyard:—

"A—— B——
Left Sunbury,
And started for Paradise,
June 35th, 18—."

Very different is the skeptical, not to say rollicking, tone of the inscription over a certain Gabriel John:—

"Here lies the body of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year eighteen hundred and one.
Pray for his soul, or let it alone,
For it is all one to Gabriel John,
Who died in the year eighteen hundred and one."

There is a fearful weight of innuendo conveyed in this stern, brief notice in the churchyard of Cotton-Hackett, Worcestershire:—

"Here lieth the body of John Galey in expectation of the Last Day.
What sort of man he was, that day will discover."

Here is a cruel remark on a doctor:—

"Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard,
Who filled the half of this churchyard;"

and a still more unpardonable one on a lady, possibly of those loquacious tendencies too often harshly attributed to her sex:—

"Here rests in silent clay,
Miss Arabella Young,
Who, on the 21st of May,
Began to hold her tongue."

This is as bad as the unkind hint conveyed in the following:—

"Here lies Margaret Sexton,
Who never did aught to vex one,
Not like the woman under the next stone."

The following is simple, at all events. It is at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire:—

"Here lies the wife of Simon Stokes,
Who lived and died like other folks."

Grief and selfishness are finely mingled in the following, by a widower:—

"I've lost the comfort of my life,
Death came and took away my wife.
And now I don't know what to do,
Lest death should come and take me too."

Grammar is postponed in the next to high poetical and moral considerations:—

"She's gone and cannot come to we,
But we shall shortly go to she."

Another is grossly personal:—

"Reader! whoever thou be, oh, tread not hard,
For Tallow lies all over this churchyard!"

In the churchyard of St. John, Worcester, there is an epitaph which, if brevity be the soul of wit, has high claim to that character. The arrangement of the auxiliary verb is, at all events, original. It reads thus:—

"Honest John
's dead and gone!"

A "happy conceit," it was doubtless thought, in 1640, to write over a member of Parliament named White:—

"Here lies a John, a burning, shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were White!"

The following would be set down as Irish, but we believe may claim a Saxon origin:—

"Ah, cruel Death! Why so unkind,
To take her, and leave me behind?
Better to have taken both or neither,
It would have been more kind to the survivor!"

But of the following there can be no mistake:—

"Under this stone lie two babies dear,
One is buried in Connaught, and the other here."

The monument—is it needful to say?—is in Ireland, in Athlone church-yard.

We wonder whether the old bachelor commemorated in the next would have indorsed the epitaph provided for him:—

"At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, lone and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wished my father never had!"

There are *de par le monde* a number of epitaphs the absurdity of which consists in the substitution of a wrong name for the deceased person, to accomodate the exigencies of the poet. One of them runs thus:—

"Underneath this ancient pew,
Lie the remains of Jonathan Blue,
His name was Black, but that wouldn't do."

And another:—

"Underneath this stone aged threescore and ten,
Lie the remains of William Wood-hen."

(*For* Hen, *read* Cock—Cock wouldn't come in rhyme.)

We confess we are skeptical about the authenticity of these various readings, as also of the epitaph on the architect Trollope:—

"Here lies William Trollope,
Who made these stones roll up;
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up."

No doubts, however, attach to the sweet agricultural simplicity which breathes through the following:—

"Here I lies, and no wonder I'm dead,
For the wheel of a wagon went over my head."

A very facetious story is told in some quarters of a pauper, who having died in a workhouse, was to be buried in the most economical fashion. The master proposed to inscribe over his tombstone:—

"Thomas Thorps,
His corpse."

The guardians at the next meeting of the board indignantly forbade such a profligate expenditure of the rates, and ordered the epitaph to be curtailed thus:—

"Thorps'
Corpse."

The narrators of this anecdote are grossly ignorant of Poor-law management. Any tombstone, or any epitaph whatever for a pauper, would never have been dreamed of by either master or guardians.

Perhaps the most absurd of all epitaphs is that attributed to a pyrotechnist who died a few years ago. In the course of his travels he had been immensely struck by an inscription on the grave of the great musical composer Purcell:—

"He is gone where alone his melodies can be exceeded."

Fired by laudable ambition to secure such praise, Mr. B. requested that over *his* tomb might be written:—

"He is gone where alone his *fireworks* can be exceeded."

After all these ridiculous instances of grotesque epitaphs, we have no heart to speak of the remaining class of mortuary inscriptions,—the few, the very few, in English, which are really good; good either as poetry, or because their directness and simplicity make them affecting.

Certainly we cannot class with either of these the last we shall quote, a real epitaph, and a whole satire too:—

"He lived and died a true Christian,
He loved his friends, *and hated his enemies!*"

Good for One Pound.

It is said that in a dockyard of England, a ship of many thousand tons was once built, and a large multitude had assembled to witness the launching. The wedges were knocked away, but the immense mass remained motionless. Before a feeling of disappointment began to manifest itself, a little boy ran forward, and commenced pushing against the vessel. His efforts excited the ridicule of the spectators; but he turned indignantly towards them, saying: "I can push a pound," and continued his exertions. They were all that were needed to overcome the friction; and soon the huge ship, yielding to his pressure, gracefully glided into the waves. So many a great and noble cause stands motionless, when perhaps the effort of a child would have overcome the obstacles that hinder its progress. A single grain will turn a nicely-balanced scale. A single word, or action, or glance of the eye, may be fraught with inestimable consequences. We cannot be the judges of the amount of our influence. We know not how much it accomplishes. We cannot be aware through what a wide circle it may spread.

☞ The Gettysburg Asylum Lottery Scheme, according to late advices from New York, has recently met with a serious mishap—the disaster being no less an one than the sudden closing of the office of the concern, and the disappearance of the managers to parts unknown.

☞ A lady in New York, aged twenty-five, now enjoys the privilege of a fourth husband, having been three times divorced since she was eighteen.

☞ A gentleman lately married in New Orleans a lady from whom he was divorced twenty years ago.

☞ The editor of the Lancaster (O.) Gazette has seen a fragment of steel accidentally lodged in the eye, instantaneously extracted by a powerful horse-shoe magnet.

☞ Within the last ten days, twenty-one Pennsylvania farmers have bought land in the immediate neighborhood of Petersburg, Virginia.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.—A terrible disaster occurred on the 15th inst., on the New York and Erie railroad. Four cars of a train were thrown from the track at Carr's rock, near Port Jervis, by a broken rail and precipitated one hundred feet down an embankment, the rear car taking fire. From thirteen to twenty persons were killed—several being burned to death—and about fifty were wounded. Several of the wounded are not expected to recover.

NEW JERSEY.—The Democrats have elected the Mayor of Jersey City, N. J., by 886 majority—a gain of 971. Hudson City gives 1,000 Democratic majority—a Democratic gain of 500. Hoboken has been carried by the Democrats with a gain of over 400. The municipal election in Bergen has also gone Democratic, being a Democratic gain.

NEW YORK.—Albany, N. Y., held its charter election on the 14th. The Democrats elected their candidate for Mayor, and a majority of the other officers by nearly 3,000 majority.

SERGEANT BATES.—Sergeant Bates, who has carried the Union flag through the South, arrived in Washington on the 14th inst., and had a public reception.

ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.—Accounts from Kansas, show a general apprehension of an Indian war. Of course.

FUNERAL OF MR. MCGEE.—The funeral of Mr. McGee took place on the 13th inst. It was one of the most imposing ceremonies ever witnessed in Canada.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Constitution is believed to be adopted, and the Radical officers elected by a large majority.

MICHIGAN.—The majority against the new Constitution and negro suffrage is about 25,000. Every county but one is reported to vote in the negative.

OHIO.—The Ohio Legislature has adopted what is known as the "Visible Admixture Bill," providing that the elective franchise shall not be allowed where there is a visible admixture of black blood. A white father and octoroon mother's son—that is, any person having as much as one-sixteenth of African blood, is disallowed as not being "White," according to the Constitution of the state.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The foreign mails we are now receiving, show that two weeks ago England was deeply agitated by the Irish Church controversy, which has since resulted in the defeat of the Ministry and a declaration in favor of the disendowment of the Irish Church. At the time the City of Paris left, April 1st, petitions for and against the Church were being signed in all parts of the kingdom, and the great interest taken in the question which was then being debated in Parliament, was shown in many other ways.

The Earl of Cardigan, in England, is dead. He was a Lieutenant-General of the British army, and at the time of his death was 71 years of age. He is famous as having led the celebrated "charge of the six hundred" at Balaklava, in the Crimean war.

FRANCE.—Uneasiness and discontent are on the increase in France, occasioned by the recent warlike preparations of the French Government.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN DISPUTE.—It is understood that the Emperor of Russia has declined to mediate between Denmark and Prussia for the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein controversy.

IRELAND.—The Prince of Wales is on a visit to Ireland, and has been received with great enthusiasm.

SPAIN.—Despatches from Spain represent that kingdom to be at present agitated by great excitement and fears of revolutionary outbreaks. Martial law has been proclaimed in the province of Catalonia.

ABYSSINIA.—King Theodorus is near Magdala, where he intends to make a stand. Letters from the captives say that they are well. The health of the troops is good. The effective force now advancing on Magdala numbers 3,600 men.

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.—The defence is engaged in submitting its evidence—the Senate generally allowing everything to be put in which goes to show the real object and motive of the President in his actions. The trial will be concluded, it is thought, before many weeks.

THE GETTYSBURG ASYLUM LOTTERY.—For the benefit of such persons as may have sent money to the Gettysburg Lottery managers, it should be mentioned that since the Pennsylvania Legislature pronounced against it, it has been the uniform custom in the Philadelphia post-office to stop all letters addressed to the lottery, and send them to the Dead-Letter Office at Washington. In due course of time, therefore, such persons as have recently sent money to the lottery, addressed to the Philadelphia post-office, may expect to have their letters returned to them. The action of the post-office here is commendable, and had it been imitated in New York much of the loss and trouble there would have been avoided.

☞ A Frenchman named Gangne, proposes, as a remedy against famine, to establish a *philanthrophagigne* society, which is to encourage useless members of society to kill themselves, and be eaten by their fellow creatures. "Persons who are not necessary for the welfare of society," he says, "as for instance, celibates, inmates of convents, vagabonds, poets, journalists, and other infirm and good-for-nothing people, might be immolated if they should consider it pleasant and glorious." The amiable cannibal is, of course, to be immolated at once to appease the hunger of his "beloved fellow-men."

☞ The new Paris style of wearing the hair is called the "out of water" head-dress. It is simply a whole head of hair brushed back over the ears without the slightest ornament.

☞ A Tennesseean recently committed suicide because his wife confessed to having "kissed divers and sundry men in her life" before their acquaintance commenced.

☞ In England, the fashion report is, that black dress coats are going out, and that the old-style blue coats, with brass buttons, are coming in.

☞ An Illinoisian has within the last two years married four wives, and buried three of them.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

ELECTRICAL JEWELRY.

M. Trouve, a Parisian jeweler, has recently created quite a sensation in that city by the production of some remarkable gold ornaments, consisting of scarf-pins, charms, and hair ornaments, in which, by means of ingenious mechanism moved by electricity, some curious and startling effects are realized. Already fifteen articles of this sort are advertised; first comes a grenadier, in complete uniform, standing in front of a gabion, and beating a drum, performing any air desired; then a monkey seated upon a drum and playing a violin; a Turk's head with a cap on, which opens and shuts its mouth and eyes; a death's head in a jockey-cap, whose eyes and mouth also move; a rabbit, striking alternately two drum-sticks upon a bell placed in front of him; a double spherical bell, which sounds an alarm; a Lilliputian revolving magnet, which attains a velocity of 100 to 120 revolutions per second; a rabbit, similar to the one above described, but with the movement uncovered; a death's head moving its eyes and mouth, as if speaking; a Turk, moving the eyes horizontally and the lower jaw vertically; a monkey making grimaces, whose eyes turn through a half circumference; and as the upper half has the color of the animal, it appears as if the eyelids drooped, as is the case with monkeys; a decapitated head upon a table, which talks and rolls its eyes.

These are all arranged to be worn as scarf pins and of course are very small. For a charm M. Trouve makes a minute theatrical stage, upon which two figures, Harlequin and Columbine, execute a ballet. One of the most beautiful head ornaments described is a humming bird, studded with diamonds, which moves both wings and tail. The wings delicately balanced, are moved by a small electro-magnet weighing two grains—they vibrate through about an inch of space, make five vibrations a second, and continue in motion for four hours. Another is a butterfly whose wings move with equal freedom, though not as rapidly. The body being small, the mechanism is sometimes placed within a flower, upon which the insect appears to be resting.

The power by which all these life-like movements are produced, is obtained from a minute battery, placed in the waistcoat pocket, or in some part of the dress—or for head ornaments it may even be concealed in the folds of the hair. It consists of a plate of zinc and one of carbon, contained within a closely fitting case, which is half filled with an acid solution of mercuric sulphate. So long as the case remains upright, the liquid does not come in contact with the plates and there is no action—but in inverting it, or placing it horizontally, a current is set in motion which continues until the zinc or the solution is exhausted. The electricity thus developed is conveyed to the jewels by a fine, flexible, metallic cord, and they are put in action by simply reversing the battery case. The time during which these movements continue is quite remarkable. In death's head and a rabbit, like those just mentioned, they have been maintained during nine hours a day, for six months uninterruptedly, without exhausting the battery. Moreover, the price of these articles is quite reasonable. Scarf-pins like the ones spoken of, cost with the electro-motor and connections, from sixty francs upwards.

The Transmission of Defects in Marriage.

There can be no mistake at all about the fact that the tendency to have defective offspring is greater where parents are defective than with others. But here is a point that leads people into error. It does not follow because a person is defective in his hearing the defect will take that form in his offspring; it may strike somewhere else. The child may be defective in physical strength or mental capacity. But there is the defective germ, and it will manifest itself. It may skip one generation and manifest itself in the next. I *know of thirteen blind children*, in a neighboring county, the descendants of *one blind man who married his cousin*. In the first generation there were no blind children. You would look round and see these children all happy, all enjoying the blessings of sight, and say, "it is all moonshine, this idea about defective people marrying." In the second and third generations came thirteen blind children, (from the intermarriage of a blind man with his cousin.) I think six of these have been in our institution.—*Dr. S. G. Howe.*

☞ Here's the description of the dress which Mrs. Charles Francis Adams wore at the Queen's last court, and which excited so much admiration. Perhaps some of our lady readers may understand it, but it is all Greek to us:

"Dress of mauve poult de soie, trimmed with plisses a la Louis XV. in mauve and white; with tunique of white dentelle de laine, looped with mauve lilies; train from the shoulders of white satin, trimmed with tulle and bouquets of mauve lilies. Headdress of lilies, feathers, and long tulle veil; ornaments, diamond and pearls."

☞ A young man was poisoned, a few days ago, at Hudson City, by his sweetheart, who, requested her lover to shut his eyes and open his mouth, popped therein a candy ball containing some noxious substance.

☞ PUBLIC LOANS.—Out of 8,000,000 subscribers to our various public loans, over nine-tenths are of the class called *the people*. The West took $320,000,000 of the $839,000,000 7-30 loans. Ohio alone took over $90,000,000, and Illinois over $70,000,000.

☞ The average age of the men who married in New York city last year was 31.3 years; the average age of the women was 23.6 years.

☞ A contemplated duel was stopped, on April 11th, in Baltimore, by the arrest of both combatants, on the complaint of a lady.

☞ "Is Mrs. Blinkins at home?" asked Mr. Saunders of the Irish girl, who answered his ring at the door. "Yes, I blave she is." "Is she engaged?" "An' is it engaged you say? Faix, an' I can't tell you, sir; but she kissed Mr. Tincent last evening as if she had never seen the likes av him, and it's engaged I blave they are, sir." Mr. Saunders should not have been so inquisitive.

Leap Year Strategy.

A contemporary gives an example of leap year strategy which, if it had been successful, would have commanded the admiration, if not the imitation of many love lorn damsels, whose affections have failed of reciprocation. Miss Masters of —— had conceived a tender feeling for Mr. Williams, which that gentleman did in no wise appreciate. But he believed in spiritualism, and the lady thought to subserve the mysterious instrumentalities of this faith to her leap year purposes. A circle was appointed, W. was present, and the spirit of his mother was invoked. The shade of the old lady announced its presence, and discoursed eloquently upon the virtues of Miss M., and finally asked J. W. to clasp her hand. This he did—not without qualms—when the sepulchral voice pronounced the marriage ceremony, following with an admonition to the young man to regard the contract as binding as though it had been solemnized before an earthly tribunal. W. couldn't see it, and bolted, minus his overcoat and hat. Thus grief came over the young lady's leap year project.

IN Mr. Hewitt's report on the iron trade he classified the qualities of English iron into six grades, or numbers, the first being best and No. 6 the poorest. He added that No. 6 was called American iron, because it was sold mainly to our railway companies in the shape of rails. That is what becomes of the poorest iron made in England; and will account, if correct, for many of our railroad accidents.

☞ For several weeks a country journal advertised—"A Boy Wanted at this office." A few days since the editor's wife responded by presenting him with a boy, proving thereby the value of advertising.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar18-eow-tf

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

WHEN you are depressed by the gaunt, sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS and see how quick you can be restored for a shilling. ap18-2t

IT IS by invigorating the nerve fluid and strengthening the whole nervous system that Neuralgia, Nerve-ache, and other painful nervous ailments are banished. DR. TURNER'S THE DOMLOGREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL is an active auxiliary to the *nerve fluid*. Apothecaries have this medicine. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—For restoring the lost appetite, and removing those secretions which cause sick headache, bile, heartburn, dyspepsia, diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, this medicine has no equal. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. THOMAS B. HAREFORD, of Marlton, N. J., to Miss ANNIE L. PURVES, daughter of R. Purves, Esq., of this city.

On the 22d of March, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. FREDRICK G. YOUNG to Miss REBECCA M. WELLEN.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. GEORGE C. HAGNER to Miss SALLIE DOWLEN, both of this city.

On the 1st of April, 1868, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM HOAG to Miss CHRISTIANA FAUNCE, both of this city.

On the 27th of Oct., by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. GEORGE K. HOLLOWAY to JULIA A. SNYDER, both of this city.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. W. J. Paxson, Mr. SAMUEL P. WILSON to Miss MARY J. GRADY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 17th instant, GEORGE W. CHILDS, infant son of Robert E. and Ellen R. Peterson, aged 8 months.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ANNIE WILLIS, in her 43th year.

On the 12th instant, JAMES HUTCHINSON, in his 49th year.

On the 13th instant, SARAH FLEMING, in her 72d year.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM F. BEATON, in his 30th year.

On the 12th instant, HENRY H. RUSSELL, in his 40th year.

On the 13th instant, Mr. HENRY HUDSON, in his 76th year.

On the 11th instant, Mr. THOMAS B. CHAPMAN, in his 68th year.

On the 11th instant, HENRY, son of the late Joel Hallowell, in his 26th year.

On the 11th instant, DANIEL GARVIN, in his 85th year.

THREE MEETINGS.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Oh the happy meeting from over the sea;
When I love my friend and my friend loves me:
And we stand face to face, and for letters read
There are endless words to be heard and said,
With a glance between, shy, anxious, half-strange,
As if asking, "Say now, is there aught of change?"
Till we both settle down as we used to be—
Since I love my friend and my friend loves me.

Oh the blissful meeting of lovers true,
Against whom fate has done all that fate could do;
And then dropped, conquered:—while over those slain
Dead years of anguish, parting, and pain,
Hope lifts her banner, gay, gallant, and fair,
Untainted, untorn, in the balmy air;
And the heaven of the future, golden and bright,
Arches above them—God guards the right!

But oh for the meeting to come one day,
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay;
When the standers-by, with a pitying sign,
Shall softly cover this face of mine,
And I leap—whither, ah! who can know?
But outward, onward, as spirits must go:—
Until eye to eye, without fear, I see
God, and my lost, as they see me.

Marion; or, Regaining a Husband.

A Tale of the Thirteenth Century.

At the time when Saint Louis wielded the sceptre of France, the good old town of Arras was younger by about six hundred years than it is to-day. Besides, it was a thousand times merrier, which was chiefly owing to the noble guild of poets who lived there, spreading by songs and wonderful plays as well as by facetious, rhymed novels, the fame of their native town far over *la belle France*.

Now, one day in early spring, in a little garden at Arras, behind the house of one of those sturdy poets, a young wife was engaged in tying some vines to a railing. She was of elegant *contour*, possessing that fine, pleasant roundness which generally indicates a peaceful disposition of mind, having at the same time a remarkably sweet face. Her calm, black eyes would now and then cast glances over the garden, seemingly ignorant either of joy or sorrow; but her hands kept busy and restless. According to the fashion of the opulent ladies of her town, she wore her fair hair tastily ornamented with ribbons; and for the better convenience of her occupation, and, perhaps for the purpose of displaying her pretty little feet, her skirt was neatly trussed up about her.

When this beautiful woman had proceeded further into the garden, peacefully engaged in her pleasant duty, there appeared in the doorway of the house opening into the garden, a man, who, in form and manner, contrasted strikingly with his young wife. He was of middle size, of lively looks and irregular features. His small black cloak scarcely concealed his high, left shoulder, and his legs were shaped in a very dissimilar style; but his whole incongruous form was constantly in rapid and vivacious movement, and there was observed about the mouth a trait which might make him charming in friendship, though in enmity, surely dangerous.

The man stood gazing at the fair gardener for a while, appearing to delight in her beauty. Having softly moved his head in hesitation, he at last pressed his bonnet-like hat, adorned with a green cock-feather, deeper down his forehead, and stepped hastily after the pretty one.

When the young wife looked back her cheeks blushed softly and her eyes began to glisten; she dropped her hands, facing the approaching man in silence.

"Good-morning, Marion," the man addressed her in an almost harsh voice. "Is there anybody in the garden besides yourself?"

"No, Adam."

"That is good, for I have to talk to you. You are a good wife, Marion, doing your duty; but I must tell you, nevertheless, that I cannot bear with you."

The fair cheeks of the woman turned deadly pale, but she remained silent, looking quietly down before her.

"No," Adam continued, "I cannot endure it. You are very beautiful, Marion, and I know it now better, four weeks after our wedding, than when I was wooing for your hand. But you are tedious, Marion. I will not say that you are without good sense, but the Holy Virgin may know whether it is asleep, or big with some grand idea, and when it shall be brought forth. I intended first to wait for that event, but now I am out of patience. Did you ever, since we were joined in wedlock, indulge in a good conversation or witticism, or did any jests ever find a greater favor with you than half a smile? Did you not go your ways quietly like a wandering statue? What boots it me that now and then I realize that you are a compound of flesh and blood, if I have to laugh alone at my jokes from morning till evening, or to admire alone my verses! Fool that I am! It is true, I ought to have reflected upon it before now—at the time when I fell in love with you. Then I thought that you would thaw out by-and-by. But tell me yourself, Marion, did we not become as enamored of each other as ever did a married couple of Christians?"

The young wife observed an obstinate silence, but her eyes were filling with great tears. Adam pulling violently a young twig then added:

"I will not say that other women are better or more amusing at length. I do not say so, wherefore I owe you thanks for having convinced me betimes that I have done a foolish thing in taking a wife. I cannot stand it here any longer! Am I, in my youth, to pine away and dry up in this miserable nest of a town, merely because I became infatuated with your beauty? And shall I not appear in Paris at the court of the king, in the saloons of princes, where my art would bring me honor and respect? Shall I not set my foot in the houses of the learned doctors of the university, where more sensible thoughts are uttered in one hour than will escape from your lips in a whole year? And for what? Why, because you are a pretty woman—for you are that—and by chance my own wife. May the deuce take me while baking a pancake, if I submit to that!"

He walked backwards and forwards several times, gesticulating violently; then looking askance upon his wife, he continued:

"Are you not now showing that I am right? Why do you not weep like other respectable women? why do you not embrace me, imploring me to stay, calling me your dear Adam—your only, your handsome Adam—though I am not handsome—and promising to do your utmost to please me, although you may never intend to keep your promise? Now, you are standing there, being at a loss what to do. Shall I give up my youth and my art for the privilege of staring at you? And should we have children, taking after you, should I then have a mind to make the poorest dancing song, while seven boys and girls, all beautiful like yourself, as well as dumb, like statues, should sit around me?

"But we will not part in anger, and therefore with all love and kindness I tell you that you can be my wife no more. I intend going to Paris as soon as I can raise the money. Then you will return to your parents; or, if you prefer, go to my old uncle, who is so fond of you. You will be well taken care of. You shall want for nothing, and should you have a child, I shall support it as my own; but I cannot live with you, Marion, as I hope for the salvation of my soul. A poet I am, and a poet I shall remain. Tediousness is poison to the gay art. Now, I shall go to my uncle, and may you be sensible and allow us to part in friendship."

He extended his hand toward her, but she did not see it through her blinding tears; and as he cared to wait no longer to observe whether or not she would behave in a manner resembling the "respectable women" of whom he had spoken, he hastened to the door and disappeared within the house.

In about an hour after this married couple had parted, the door of a stately mansion, where Adam's uncle, the wealthy alderman, resided, was opened and Adam emerged in a state of violent agitation. He retired, paying no attention as to wither he was wandering; and occasionally sentences of his low-spoken monologue broke forth, while he was clenching his fists or passing his fingers through his long hair.

"The niggard!" he growled; "and yet he has withal patches of virtues wherewith to cover the nakedness of his avarice. What is it to him if I come to an amicable settlement with my wife? He might marry her himself if it were not a pity for the beautiful young creature! Indeed, if I should turn sour here, that would cause no inconvenience to his mammon. But, to wander about, to see the world, to gather knowledge! that would pain his aristocratic purse. Pooh! Because he has given to me the little house and furnished it, I must stick to Arras as though I were ice-bound, and must cower down with the versifying ragamuffins of the town, hiding my light under a bushel! Nay, if I must act the part of a common fiddler, teaching tricks to monkeys and dogs for the purpose of cutting my way through to Paris, I will show to the old miser that Adam de la Halle is no slave of women, but knows how to go his own ways."

And his "own ways" led him, this time, straight on to the "Three Lilies," the principal tavern of the good old town of Arras. There were but a few people at that hour in the bar-room. Adam sat silently down in a corner, not looking up until the landlord, bringing wine to him, saluted him respectfully with the following words:

"You come in the nick of time, Master Adam. You see there, one of my guests who is sitting on the other side of the room near the stove, looking askant over to you? That man brought a week ago the company of players who are to perform the great passion-drama, on Easter day, in the Cathedral, having been sent for by the clergy. As it is yet a fortnight to that time, the players are lounging idly about, spending their wages in advance, and the leader of the band is stopping here and carousing on credit. I told him, just before you came in, Master Adam, that if they could earn by their art, a good deal of money, it would be a benefit to him, as well as to myself. He replied that he wished he had some elegant play, a miracle or a mystery; but that he had left his whole package of manuscripts in Cambray, with the exception of the passion play. Then I told him that there are in this part of the country a great many troubadours, versifiers and jugglers, among them Master Adam de la Halle, who surpasses them all; whereupon the man promised, by St. Nicholas, that he would give you one-half of the receipts if you should compose a good play for him which would draw full houses. At that moment you entered the room, and he has sent me to ask you about the matter."

Adam rose from his seat, and quaffing his wine in long draughts, went straightway up to the leader of the strollers, who jumped up to make his reverence, bowing. They conversed for a short time, when they shook hands. "So be it," said Adam; "in eight days' time you will play it, and on the next day I shall have my money. Till then, may the Holy Virgin protect you. I shall go and fulfill my promise." So he went away, murmuring something between his teeth which sounded like,

"They shall remember me!"

When about eight days had elapsed, Marion was sitting one afternoon in her chamber, with her eyes reddened by tears, and her face pale with grief, turning over the leaves of some old manuscripts which she held upon her lap, not heeding the opening of the door by which one of her old playmates entered. But when that maiden called her by name, she started up, saying, "Good day, friend Perrette; what does bring you here?"

"Or rather, what does keep *you* here?" the girl rejoined, quickly. "You are sitting here weeping, and will not go to the 'Three Lilies,' where the new play of your husband is to be performed by the strange actors! What kind of a wife are you? I would run in advance of everybody else if I had a husband who could entice one-half the inhabitants of the town to the court-yard of the old tavern! Do tell me what is the matter with you? Have you been reading old songs which your Adam has composed in your honor? Now, I should think you would know them by heart, having them at your fingers' ends, like your rosary."

The poor wife began to shed bitter tears. "Do you not know," she said, sobbing, "and does not the whole town talk of it, that he wants to go to Paris, leaving me behind, never to return?"

"What foolish talk!" Perrette replied, vehemently; "how could you imagine such nonsense?"

"He told me so himself in as many words; and since that time he has not come home to his meals, returning only late at night, when he lay down to sleep in the basement."

"Why, he has had his hands full in order to arrange his play; and then, men are full of whims, Marion; always anxious to tease us in some way; but, God be praised! not all are in earnest who do not laugh. Dry your eyes, be a sensible wife, and come to see the play. What is your husband to think if you do not even have a mind to see his play?"

Thus half consoling, half reproving, she dragged the young wife from her chamber to the "Three Lilies." There a variegated congregation had assembled. In the spacious court-yard a great many of the townsmen had taken seats on benches; the windows of the lower wings of the building had been changed into boxes for the people of quality, but the stage had been erected at the end of the court-yard, in a barn, the ponderous doors of which had been removed for that purpose. Marion and Perrette arrived at the moment when Dame Avaritia was leaving the stage, having spoken the prologue, and having assured many a rich gentleman of the good town, of her protection. Not the smallest seat had been left vacant for the two fair ones, either in the court-yard or at any of the windows; but Perrette, nothing daunted, and being well aquainted with the premises, made her way through one of the out-buildings and advanced with Marion to the barn. Here they took position behind the large linen sheets by which the stage was surrounded, looking through an opening between those primitive curtains, at the performance, being undisturbed by the actors, who, in their odd disguises, endeavored to pay their court to the fair ones. Marion did not mind the importunate fellows, but remained full of expectation on the same spot; while Perrette, with her loquacious little tongue, sometimes returned sharp answers to the strollers.

Master Adam, not dreaming that his young wife was watching him, had appeared on the stage in the meantime from the other side, wearing his own costume and character. He commenced with complainings of his troubles in fine verses, saying that he wanted to go to Paris, but had not a farthing in his pocket, and his wealthy uncle was afflicted with the worst plague of the world, that is, an obstinate avarice, to such a degree that he could not expect anything from him. Then a physician made his appearance, whom Adam consulted as to his ability to cure avarice, in which case he would point out to him a nice specimen of a patient; whereupon the physician expatiated, in learned terms, on the different species of avarice, stating which were curable and which were not, and giving him great hopes, if he could but see the patient with his own eyes.

Then a third figure came forth, bearing such a striking resemblance to the old uncle of Adam, in form, gesture, and dress, as to keep the spectators in a continuous roar of laughter. The doctor went to meet that venerable gentleman, politely felt his pulse, made him show his tongue, inquired concerning different things, and at last asked about some unmistakable symptoms of the arch-ill of which he was suffering; whereupon the old gentleman flew into a great passion; scolding vehemently at his wicked nephew, who imputed to him, behind his back, such disgraceful vices, and disclosing the reason why he would not give him the means whereby he might travel to Paris. His chief reason was that Adam, lately married, was already weary of his wife, who was known by the whole town of Arras as a very paragon of virtue and beauty.

With rising anguish, poor Marion had listened to all that; and who could have found fault with the anguish of a virtuous wife, who saw, on a sudden, all her domestic troubles exposed to a laughing public? She paid no attention to the elegant verses and merry jest with which the speeches of the three persons were adorned, and which filled the audience with delight. Anxious, and oblivious of everything else, she listened to the defence which her husband was making against the charges of his uncle. But when Adam declared plainly before the public that a beautiful wife was not always an amusing one, and that the mouth of his Marion was more fitted for kissing than for talking, while no man became wiser by kissing, but by witty conversation; and that he would make a present of two crowns to him who could tell him one single witticism uttered by Marion, then the poor listener could no longer keep herself behind the scenery; but with one bound she was on the stage, facing with glowing cheeks and an angry countenance, the man who was giving her so bad a reputation.

"Are you not ashamed, Adam," she exclaimed, interrupting him in the middle of his speech; "are you not ashamed to speak thus of your wedded wife to all these hearers? Oh, had you ever loved me but a little bit, that speech would never have passed your lips. Now, tell me, have I deserved such treatment on your part? have I caused you one unhappy hour; have I not anticipated your wishes as much as possible? And now you speak ill of me before the whole town of Arras!"

Such sad, angry words were uttered by the poor wife amid tears and sighs. The audience thinking at first that this was part of the play, laughed; at least those of them who were so illnatured as to delight in the matrimonial infelicities of their neighbors. But when they saw that it was the real Marion who appeared upon the stage, even the most wicked lost their gay humor, and stared alarmingly before them. But Adam, although displeased with the unexpected occurrence, recovered himself at once, and exclaimed in a loud, intrepid voice—

"My good fellow-citizens! This does not belong to the performance. This woman suddenly fell into the play like snow, and does not belong at all to the cast. I entreat you to remove her from this place. You hear that she does not even speak in verses, as all do who have the honor of performing this remarkable play before you."

Then he gently took Marion by the hand, endeavoring to lead her from the stage. But she disengaged herself from his hold, and, encouraged by the acclamations of some who bade her remain and defend her cause, she now exclaimed:

"And I *will* now stay here, making you, honorable gentlemen, judges as to whether I have been illy used. It is true, I am taciturn by nature; but should that be a fault, which you men enjoin upon us poor things everywhere, that I abstain from idle talk and listen to what my husband says?"

"Marion is right! Long life to Marion, and let her finish her speech!" the spectators exclaimed, laughing and encouraging her by signs and words.

"And," she exclaimed, becoming still more eloquent, "shall I not appear here because I do not speak in verses? I know enough of them, and the very best ones, too. My husband, who now appears here slandering me, has made them himself in my honor, while we were engaged for marriage; and I shall let you hear them, that you may see how double-tongued he is, having these very fine words for me then, while now he has only abusive ones."

Then advancing to the front of the stage, she sang the following verses, though her voice came very near failing her:

"Sparkling eyes and forms of grace,
Arms that lovingly embrace,
You'll find many here and there,
Throughout Artois, everywhere.
Tender hearts, limbs soft as down,
You may meet in every town;
But as witty there is none
As the maid whose heart I won."

A roar of laughter responded to this strophe, a part of the audience joining in the chorus, when one called out,

"But how will you prove, Marion, that the one he means is no other than yourself?"

"Do but listen to my further song," she replied; "there is no doubt about it."

Then she sang:

"Others may more nicely sing,
Or in giddy dances swing.
Sacrebleu! what do I care!
I hear rather Marion fair,
When her coral lips she greets,
With a stock of chit-chat sweets:
For as witty there is none,
As the maid whose heart I won."

The whole audience joined this time in singing the burden; whereupon loud cheers were given for the fair singer, who, with her eyes yet filled with tears, being suddenly alarmed by her own boldness, but more beautiful than ever, still stood upon the stage. Then Adam, springing forth from the background, called out to the tumultuous assembly,

"Peace, my good fellow-citizens! I have also a word to say!" All became silent, being curious to know in what way Adam would contrive to ingratiate himself into public favor. But Adam said,

"There is none among you who does not know that my beloved wife has exposed me to ridicule, having brought the laughers over to her side. I thank her for that from the bottom of my soul. I tell you candidly that my heart has trembled with joy at every word she has spoken; and as she has conceived at last the charming idea of bringing my own words into evidence against me, I said to myself, 'Adam, you would be a wretch ever to abandon and become unfaithful to such a wife, even though you might meet with a shower of honors and gold in Paris.' And so I come before you with the humble hope that you, good people, will intercede with my dear wife to receive again, with love and affection, the rash and dissolute man; nor bear a grudge against him for his slanderous tongue."

As he had spoken these words with an emotion no one before had observed in him, perfect quietude prevailed in the court-yard. Marion smiled upon him with a touching sweetness, and embraced him, saying only,

"You dear, naughty man!" Whereupon, unanimous and joyous cheers arose from all the benches and windows; but Adam disengaged himself from the arms of his wife, and holding her hand, exclaimed,

"Now I owe to you the third verse yet, which runs in this way:

"Others may to Paris travel,
Other problems to unravel,
While I stay here all my life
With my dear and charming wife.
And as witty there is none
As that wife whose heart I've won."

How cheerfully all joined in the refrain, needs not to be told. While they were singing away with a will, a noise suddenly arose in the fore part of the house. The uncle of Adam had been informed that his venerable person had been represented, and traduced on the stage, whereupon the old man came with officers of the law, fully determined to cause his wicked nephew to suffer severely for his misdeeds.

The people in the house were now busily engaged in informing the old gentleman of the good turn the matter had taken; and when he had heard of the honorable amends made by Adam, and of his no longer wishing to go to Paris, he contented himself, nay, even became quite merry, and forgave the foolish poet, who, with Marion upon his arm, approached him humbly. In order to give the lie to the charge of avarice in the most solemn manner, he arranged for the evening a festival in the great saloon of the "Three Lilies," where they enjoyed themselves hugely; the beautiful Marion dancing with all the men of rank.

It is true, that the good citizens of Arras were deprived of the play; but we trust they preferred the miracle performed by Marion, to the original design. Angels had descended from heaven, and banished Dame Avaritia from the country. After that, there were no misers to be found in Arras, while there was one happy couple more in that town.—*Public Spirit.*

☞ The first bus in America was Columbus.

MY SISTER.

I think of thee, my sister,
In my sad and lonely hours;
And the thought of thee comes o'er me
Like the breath of morning flow'rs.
Like music that enchants the ear,
Like sights that bless the eye,
Like the verdure of the meadow,
The azure of the sky;
Like rainbow in the evening,
Like blossom on the tree,
Is the thought of thee, dear Charlotte—
Is the tender thought of thee.

I think on thee, my sister,
I think on thee at even,
When I see the first and fairest star
Steal peaceful out of heaven.
I hear thy sweet and touching voice
In each soft breeze that blows,
Whether it waft red autumn-leaf
Or fan the summer rose.
'Mid the waste of yon lone heath,
By this desert moaning sea,
I mourn for thee, dear Charlotte,
And shall ever mourn for thee.

The White Horse.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a famous freebooter infested the Isle of Sheppey, in the county of Kent, and made frequent incursions into the interior of the county. A nobleman by birth, and probably under the sentence of outlawry, he entrenched himself in his stronghold, where he deposited all the contributions which his successful levies on the traveller's purse had obtained. By adopting the often-practised ruse of shoeing his horse's feet the wrong way, he frequently escaped detection, and even when hotly pursued, the fleetness and sagacity of the noble animal he rode preserved him from his enemies and carried him to a place of security.

Thus the horse nearly rivalled the fame of its rider, whose exploits became so frequent and daring, that the whole country rose up against him, offering such large rewards for his apprehension, that at length he found himself so closely beset in his island that, hopeless of extrication or relief, he was compelled to surrender at discretion, and to implore the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, then on a visit on board the admiral's ship at the Nore.

The queen, not disinclined to show favor to a man whose personal valor, determined perseverance and fertility of resource, were qualities highly estimated in those semi-civilized adventures, offered to grant his life upon terms in keeping with the wild tenor of his lawless career. These conditions were that he should swim on horseback three times round the ship which the high admiral commanded, and, should he escape the perils incidental to such a trial, his sentence of outlawry should be reversed, and a general pardon extended to all his offences.

Curiosity to see the feats of this celebrated horse, and a calculation of the chances which, in all probability, would save the hangman his labor, and give the Knight of Sheppey a less ignoble death, probably induced the virgin queen to make this proposal to the daring freebooter. It was instantly accepted. Armed at all points, the intrepid bandit mounted his faithful steed whose spirits he invigorated with a copious draught of brandy. Plunging at once into the foaming tide, the steed and horseman swam gallantly round the destined ship; the second extraordinary evolution was performed with equal bravery and resolution; but at the third, little more than the heads of the horse and its rider could be perceived buffetting with the weltering waves which seemed at every instant to threaten their mutual annihilation. Straining every nerve and sinew to the utmost, the gallant animal ceased not to struggle with the restless waves until the last painful pilgrimage was completed and his weary hoofs rested on the solid shore.

The place of landing was wild and desolate; a lofty cliff overhung the narrow beach and concealed every human habitation. The moment the exhausted courser gained a firm footing on his parent earth, a withered and decrepit hag, whose tangled elf-locks and tattered weeds streaming in the wind ill-concealed the hideous deformity of a squalid form, started from a recumbent attitude, and, raising the shrivelled finger with which she had traced unhallowed spells upon the sand, shrieked out an ill-omened prophecy: "Beware of that horse!" shrieked the beldame, with a triumphant laugh of malice. "Although he has now saved your life, he shall be the cause of your death." "Thou liest, fiend of mischief!" cried the Knight of Sheppey. "Thus I falsify thy dark prediction." Actuated by superstitious fears, the natural ferocity of his temper overcame every sentiment of gratitude and affection. Hastily dismounting, he plunged his sword into the heart of the panting animal.

Restored to the favor of his sovereign and permitted the quiet enjoyment of his ill-gotten wealth, the Knight of Sheppey lived for several years in uninterrupted prosperity. One morning, anxious to show a friend the scene of his most wonderful adventure, he descended to the beach; the skeleton of the slaughtered horse, bleached by the storms of successive winters, still lay extended on the sand. Repeating the prophecy of the witch, he spurned the head with his foot and severed it from the body by the stroke. At first he did not perceive that in the act a small sharp bone had penetrated his buskin. The wound was inconsiderable and disregarded, but becoming more serious, it ended in a mortification which speedily carried him to his grave.

His remains were deposited in the vault of his ancestors, and over them was raised a monument in which the rude sculptor of the times attempted to delineate his history. It is still to be seen in the church of Minster. A warrior clad in armor lies extended on the tomb, and at his feet is deposited the head of a horse; the vane of the weathercock on the church-steeple is likewise formed of a horse's head, which renders it probable that the story, though no doubt exaggerated into the marvellous, had some foundation.

☞ It was Madam de Stael who said—"If it were not for my respect for human opinion, I would not open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time; while I would go five hundred leagues to talk with a man of genius whom I had not seen."

"HEAR! HEAR!"

"Dr. H. R. Smith, of Louisville, claims to have established the truth of the theory that animals found in the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky are not only without a trace of the optic nerve, but are also destitute of the sense of hearing."—*American Paper.*

In old Kentucky's Mammoth Caves,
All things that owe their birth and rearing
To those recesses, dark as graves,
Are born without the sense of hearing.
With such strange sounds one's ears are torn,
I sometimes think it had been lucky,
Had I within your shades been born,
Oh, Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky!

When men on politics declaim,
And yet know naught at all about 'em,
And prose for hours in language tame,
Or, having strong opinions, shout 'em.
When at all Governments on earth
They rush in manner run-a-mucky,
I wish that you had given me birth,
Oh, Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky!

At concerts where the public's pets
Sing Claribel's unmeaning twaddle,
Or where shrill schoolgirls shriek duets
In tones that pierce the thickest noddle,
Or when a solo on the horn
Some youth attempts, less skilled than plucky,
I wish I had in you been born,
Oh, Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky!

And when my better-half begins
Her catalogue of wrongs domestic,
And makes the measure of my sins
A catalectic anapestic;—
I love you well, my precious wife,
But sometimes I *do* wish, my ducky,
That I could say I first saw life
In Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky!

So many sounds one's hearing vex,
Loud, long, lugubrious, deep, or shrilly,
And with discordant noise perplex
One's brains, until they drive one silly;
That oft I cry, "How blest is he,
How far beyond his fellows lucky,
Who boasts his natal spot to be
The Mammoth Caverns of Kentucky.
—*London Fun.*

QUIET ATTENTIONS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

"With women the great business of life is love," says Hazlitt; "and they generally make a mistake in it." I wish to know why this latter clause is true.

In the first place, I believe there is at bottom a very subtle, but unacknowledged antagonism between man and woman, which has been scotched somewhat by the progress of civilization and chivalry, but which is too deeply rooted not to crop up here and there in all sorts of unexpected forms. There is very little true trust and tenderness existing between them; but there is an almost universal disbelief in the strength and endurance of each other's emotions, whenever those emotions trench upon the sphere of affection. Read any man's writings, from Chaucer or Shakspeare downwards, and you find running through them a scoff and sneer, scarcely conscious, and therefore the more natural, against the idea of real constancy and love in woman. Listen to any woman's talk, and sooner or later she will let slip the melancholy sentiment of the Psalmist, "All men are liars," or at least that milder rendering of the same passage, "All men fail me." There is as much antagonism implied between "male and female" as between "Jew and Greek; bond and free."

There are two mistakes which women are apt to make in the outset of their business, which tend to a very pitiable bankruptcy. In a few cases she may remain perfectly unconscious of the advances of any lover until after the lapse of months or even years, she is suddenly surprised and confounded by an utterly unexpected offer. Charlotte Bronte, who, as one would suppose, was all aflame with the passion which pervades her writings, was loved for years without suspecting it, until "like lightning," she says, "it flashed upon me." But this mistake is at once less common and less perilous than its opposite. What can surpass the absurdity, the chagrin, the mortification, the heart-sickness and heart-soreness of a woman who has buoyed herself upon the hope that advances are being made to her, when in truth the supposed suitor has no serious intentions at all?

What are advances, and when are men making them? "A course of small, quiet attentions," says Sterne, "not so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as to be misunderstood, with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it." That is a man's answer to my question; the simplest and most straightforward I can find, after a long and careful research. And what a depth of cunning and discretion there is in it! Not too pointed, that the man's honor may not be bound by them; and not too vague to leave the woman fancy-free. "A look of kindness now and then, and little or nothing said upon it," is delicious, inimitable. It gives him so much vantage, and allows her so full a scope for the active play of the imagination. "Small, quiet attentions!" How small may they be, and how quiet? In what way are we to make sure that these delicate attentions are being paid to us?

Would Sterne, or will men in general, admit that squeezing the hand is one of these small, quiet attentions which have great meaning in them? There is historical and royal evidence in affirmation of it. Dartmouth's old scandal of Edward Montagu losing his post of Chamberlain to Charles the Second's Catherine: "Her Majesty asked the King (having never had an admirer before nor after), what people meant by squeezing the hand? The King (no incompetent authority) told her 'love.' 'Then,' said she, 'Mr. Montagu loves me mightily.' Upon which he was turned out." Yet what woman would dare risk her happiness, or her success in business, upon so trivial an advance as this? Even that more significant attention of keeping the hand in a warm, pleasant, lingering custody, which is quiet and pointed enough, and so paid as to make it difficult to notice favorably, save by a drooping of the eyelids and a more conscious flushing of the cheeks; even this, one knows, is no more to be relied upon than is a reed to be leant upon in a tempest.

What about correspondence? It is so pleasant to write to a woman; such an escape-valve for the compressed sentiment, which all a man's dealings with the world cannot entirely consume, that one ought not to clog this delicate interchange of thought and feeling with the responsibility of being an advance. It is no more than an element of Platonic friendship. The German girl, Meta Klopstock, describes the progress of her Platonic correspondence with the poet in one of her charming letters written in English to Richardson. "It was a strong hour," she writes; "the hour of Klopstock's departure. He wrote soon after; and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They raillied me, and said I was in love. I raillied them again, and said they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. My friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved, and I startled, as for a wrong thing. I answered that it was no love, but friendship; we had not seen one another enough for love, as if love must have more time than friendship!" Richardson himself declares, in his oracular manner, "Platonic love is Platonic nonsense; 'tis the fly buzzing about the blaze till its wings are scorched. Age, old age, and nothing else, must establish the barriers of Platonic love." Yet I wonder how many letters to-night's post will scatter up and down through the country which shall be just as vague and as pointed as Sterne would have them to be?

"No kissing!" said Göthe's first love, the little milliner, Gretchen; "no kissing! that is so vulgar; but let us love, if we can!" No doubt the girl, two years the senior, was laughing at the impassioned boy, yet there was a rare refinement in her distaste. Wieland, the German novelist, must have been a sublime lover. He was perfectly convinced that love is born with the first sigh, and expires in a certain degree with the first kiss. Zimmerman asked the young lady to whom he was attached, when it was that Wieland saluted her for the first time? "Wieland," replied the amiable girl, "did not kiss my *hand* for the first four years of our acquaintance!" Of the same transcendental order must have been that Puritan divine who, after a betrothal of seven years, asked a blessing and returned thanks over the first kiss, and was married shortly afterwards, it is added. These were betrothed kisses, it is true; but are there no experimental ones? Down in innocent places in the country, where it is rather rural than vulgar? The excitement of being kissed unexpectedly is great and rare, for no man can take a girl by surprise twice, the memory of a first kiss lingering in her mind for ever afterwards. There is, let it be confessed frankly, a certain kind of triumphant disquietude in having been kissed, a grazing of the skin of the conscience, and a tiny sting left in it, which gives zest to the stolen caress; but still we say, with Gretchen, "No kissing; that is so vulgar!"

Teaching; the most subtle of all quiet attentions. Sitting side by side, with heads almost touching one another, bent above the same page; leaves turned over by fingers that cannot help but meet sometimes; words in a foreign language shyly echoed by the pupil, who only half knows their meaning; wilful mistakes made to lure the tutor into chidings, which need a hundred flatteries to unsay them; grave digressions to display the learning of the one and the sweet reverence of the other. "Nothing can conduce to a more beautiful union," says Göthe. But after all, does it often conduce to union? There is one question which the teacher alone can ask; the scholar, like a ghost, can only speak when the spell of silence is broken, and nine times out of ten he goes away, leaving that one question unasked.

A maiden friend of mine, who has been wooed eleven times, and knows a good deal about it, assures me that the only attentions to be taken notice of, and relied upon, are those that touch the pocket. "When your Platonic friend," she says, "begins to offer gifts, costly according to his means, depend upon it the affair has become a business with him, as well as with you." The American missionary, Judson, possessed a valuable watch, which he bestowed in succession before marriage upon each of his three wives; when he offered it to the third object of his affections, he stated that it had the desirable property of always returning to him, bringing the beloved wearer with it. Be sure the wise and prudent man would never have parted with his watch, unless he had been firmly persuaded that he was making a good investment, safe to bring him in large and clear returns. When a costly offering is laid upon the shrine, the officer means worship.

Some men much need Sydney Smith's reminder of the Deluge, "when a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind. He should gaze at Noah, and be brief!" Of all women she is most to be pitied who has a slow-paced suitor; he is worse than a retrograding one. How admirable, how prompt, how perfectly satisfactory was the conduct of another legendary Puritan, who rode up to the door of the house where dwelt the girl of his choice, and having desired her to be called out to him, said, without circumlocution, "Rachel, the Lord hath sent me to marry thee!" when the girl answered, with equal promptitude and devoutness, "The Lord's will be done!"

Once I had the charge of a four-year old laddie, to whom I chattered, as women who love children are wont to do, of all things that came into my own mind, grave or gay, fun or earnest, fairy tales or Bible histories. One afternoon the fancy seized me to teach him the following stanzas, which he learned by heart, with that profound gravity, almost amounting to gloom, so often shown by children:—

"'Tis good to be merry and wise;
'Tis good to be honest and true;
'Tis good to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new."

"Oh, auntie!" cried the boy, when he had mastered it, "what a pretty verse! I should so like to say it with my prayers!" I was too orthodox then to consent to that; but very often since I have thought I might have done worse than teach him to blend ideas of honesty and truth in love with the habit of worship. The knight of olden times vowed fidelity to God and his lady. Perfect truth here would be perfect wisdom. Love only becomes a business to women after they have made some bitter discoveries; until then it is little less than the religion of life to them. Göthe, that prince of philanderers, has given us a glimpse of the retribution that overtook him. "I had wounded," he said, "the most beautiful heart to its very depths, and the period of a gloomy repentance, with the absence of a refreshing love to which I had grown accustomed, was most agonizing—nay, unsupportable." I will conclude with some wise counsel from the same Sterne who gives so crafty a definition of "small, quiet attentions:"—"Be open, be honest; give yourself for what you are; conceal nothing, varnish nothing; and if those weapons will not do, better not conquer at all, than conquer for a day; when the dream is over, and we awake in the morning, it will ever be the same story: And it came to pass, behold it was Leah!"

TWICE MARRIED:

OR,

The Old Mountain Castle.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

CHAPTER III.

"Does the Marchese live entirely separate from his wife?" asked Eugene, who had been listening to the old woman's narrative with ever increasing excitement.

"He never speaks to her," replied the nurse, "and sees her only on Sundays when she goes to mass in the chapel. Then he comes and kneels near her, but does not look at her. In going out he says nothing, but bows in a very dignified, polite manner, and then passes directly to his chamber. But he lets her want for nothing. He sends her books and materials for all kinds of ladies' handiwork, and I must care for her table as if we lived in the greatest happiness. But well says the wise man: 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith;' and you very well know that 'better is a half ounce of freedom than a pound of gold.' That at least is my opinion.

"We had borne this life a whole summer long, and now, for the first time in the late autumn, it snowed. I pictured to myself how dreary and forlorn it would be in winter, and so summoned courage and went to the master. I told him that this state of things could not much longer continue, and declared that it was shameful for him to thus treat his poor wife; that if he proposed in this way to win her love he was a hundred miles from his goal, for even a dog is sooner tamed by caresses than with the chain. I told him that these stories about her insanity were not true, but I should not wonder if, before long his treatment really drove her mad. All this I said to the Marchese. I wonder that I dared to say it, but after he gave me permission to speak, one word seemed to lead to another. As I ended, he rose very calmly, and in a tone as if he were bidding me 'good-morning, he said: 'I will remind you, Barbara, that I always keep loaded weapons in my desk, and it will be better for you to leave off this kind of talk to me and to others: should you persist in it, I may be compelled to shoot you like a senseless hound. Now go and say the same to Martina, that she too may be upon her guard.'

"Holy Mother, how frightened I was! How did I ever survive that glance! for he looked terrible, gently as he spoke. I have never had courage to speak of these things to him since. But before half a year was gone, my lady spoke the first word to him. Her mother, who writes to her every week, had sent her a letter. The letter said that Gino had been living a frivolous life in Paris, and had fought a duel with a Frenchman, because both had paid court to a *danseuse*, and Gino had received a ball in the left lung and had died instantly. This the mother wrote without any foreboding what it must be to *her*, and the letter came on a Friday. From then, until Sunday morning, my lady lay in a fever. I advised her not to go to mass. But there was no such thing as keeping her away, and so she went. When the mass ended and she left the chapel with the Marchese, she remained standing upon the threshold and began to speak with him, but so low that I could understand no word. It may have been that she spoke in French. But after he had listened to her a long time, he suddenly drew a watch from his pocket, the same which Saddeo that night had brought out of his hand-to-hand fight with Gino, and he said: '*It will soon be midnight, Signora Marchesa!*' and with that he bowed and went away so quickly that I scarcely had time to spring forward and receive my lady, who had fainted, in my arms.

"What say you to that, Herr Captain? Can a Christian man hope for forgiveness of his sins if he cannot pray, 'As we forgive those who trespass against us?' Was her sin indeed so terrible? She was young and had never loved the Marchese, but her heart had been Gino's ever since she had thought of other things than dolls and sugar plums. Was not her punishment heavy enough, now that this trifler had sacrificed her and his own young life for a dancing girl?"

The old woman paused and seemed to wait for Eugene to reply. But he stood in deep thought, boring with the point of his sword into the loose, stony ground. At last he only asked: "And since that time?"

"Since that time we have lived as if the sun, moon and stars had been stolen from heaven, and the archangel Michael had been branded '*Thief.*' Ah, dear captain! to one who like you goes walking over these mountains and sees this castle shimmering through the trees, all may look peaceful and happy. I have twice seen a stranger sitting upon the draw-bridge and sketching it. But many a beautiful nut has a black kernel, gnawed by the worms. How we crouch behind those walls and gnaw our heart sorrows no one dreams. For long weeks after that day when he showed her the watch, she lay in a raging fever. Friar Ambrogio, who understands sickness, came daily out of the cloister to feel her pulse and to report her condition to the master. Hard as the Marchese seems, once, as I entered his room, I saw that he had been weeping. I told my lady, who was then getting better, and she sent me at once to thank him for his care, and to beg that she might speak with him. But he answered in his cold-blooded way that he had no time, he was very busy. What do you say to that? And she had just risen from the very verge of the grave! Oh, the soul murderer, the heathen! And she—every day more crushed and dumb, no lamentation, no further entreaty, like one who lives only to die! Toward Saddeo, who would gladly do anything to trouble her, only that he fears the master, she is gentleness itself.

"Not long ago, she said that the sunlight hurt her eyes—well it might, she weeps so much—and therefore she would sleep by day and sit up at night. I opposed this, telling her that the black night would only increase her melancholy. But she would not listen, and so we now live like bats. The master does not seem to trouble himself at all about us, and at mass, the only place where we meet him, he is the same as of old. That he always carries the watch, we can see by the chain, and so she has not the heart to speak to him again. Ah! sir, her heart is broken and will soon be hidden in the grave. This is a true saying: 'Wealth lost, much is lost; courage lost, all is lost.'

"If help does not soon come, she will slip from my hands like the brook that flows through our valley, wholly wasted away by the great heat. This unreasoning sorrow will soon dry up the blood in her veins, and some morning I shall go to the master and say, 'You have gained your end, Herr Marchese. Our poor angel has gone where human sins are forgiven by a pitying Saviour; and now, shoot me upon the spot as you threatened, or I shall run to Milan and cry—Murder! murder! in all the streets, and at mention of your name the very stones will weep blood.'"

As the old woman said this, she began to sob passionately as if it were all accomplished, and she even now saw her mistress lying dead upon her bier.

"Barbara," said the young officer consolingly, "be tranquil. Whatever I can do for your mistress I promise to do as if she were my own darling sister. But to take your letter to her parents might only make this evil worse, for it is evident that the Marchese never thinks of calling upon her mother for help. It is therefore highly necessary that I see and speak with your mistress to convince myself whether she is in her right mind. Could you not have the garden gate opened for me to-night? I will see that the door to my chamber remains unlocked."

"You know not how we are watched," replied the old woman. "We never come out to take the air but that Saddeo is right at hand. He seems to think that we shall climb up the garden-wall like cats. And what joy more would he have in life if he could plague no one? And then my lady will not wish to see you. She will look no man in the face."

"You may say to her, Barbara, that it is a friend who will take any message she may wish to send to her mother, and who is not entirely a stranger to her. For you must know that I once danced with the Marchesa at a ball in Venice. She was then a young countess and the picture of health and happiness."

"Did you truly?" asked the old woman with an expression of joyful surprise. "Yes," she added, "it must be so. You could not tell a falsehood; you have too fine and noble a face. Now I firmly believe that Heaven has sent you as its angel to save us all. I will do my best to take you to my lady. I came out to-day, saying that I must go to the cloister to obtain sleeping powders for the Frau Marchesa, who has not closed her eyes for three days and nights. But this was only an excuse to speak with you. We have plenty of the powders, but she will not take them any more. To-night I will put a double portion into the pitcher of wine which Martina always brings out of the cellar for that rascal Saddeo. As there is no key to the garden gate we must go through his chamber. When his one thief's eye is closed I will conduct you into the garden, and manage that just then the Marchese shall go out to take the air. May Heaven care for the rest! Ah! when you see her, this young, beautiful, unhappy creature, sorrow for her will so seize your heart, that you would willingly hack off your right hand, if, by so doing, you could rescue her."

"When will you be ready for me?" Eugene asked hastily.

"That depends upon whether my lady sleeps or not," she answered. "I will come to the well as if to draw water. I will sing, and you must listen to the words, for thus I will tell you the hour. And now may our blessed mother of compassion go with you! But wait here a little until I am away, so that no one may see us together. For that one-eyed devil, Saddeo, spies at everything which one does or neglects to do, and he will drink no drop this evening if he scents the least mischief from afar. I must in any event go to the cloister, for he will ask if I have been there. So farewell, dear sir. Heaven will bless you a thousand and a thousand times."

And so, with sighs and groans, Barbara again took up her basket, drew the mantle more closely around her head, and with quick, noiseless step left the hut, carefully looking around to see if any spy or pursuer were on her track.

The day was hot, and upon this stony height the rays of the mid-day sun were so powerful that Eugene soon wandered down into the valley. He followed for hours the dry bed of the forest-brook, leading to the north, and clambered, unwearied, from rock to rock. After many hours he halted at a ruined little house, situated at the head of the pass, and which seemed more a harbor for smugglers than for honest travellers. There he accepted gladly the wretched meal of cheese, maize-bread and thin wine, which a woman in ragged clothes set before him. After he had eaten he sought out a cool place somewhat deeper in the forest, and, having lighted his cigar, he sat down to think over all he had heard, and of all that was before him. At length, overcome by fatigue, he fell asleep. The last piercing rays of the sun, just setting behind the mountains, fell full in his face and awakened him. He then hastily turned his steps in the direction of the castle. It was quite dark when he reached it. A quarter of an hour later Saddeo opened the great door to the Marchese, who had been out hunting. Carrying the game, he followed his master into his study where a lamp was already burning upon the writing-table. While drawing off the heavy hunting-boots, he said with his usual drawling tones:

"The Austrian gentleman, yesterday evening, moved the wardrobe and went into the hall. He also opened the blind of the middle window."

"How does that concern you?" returned the Marchese, sharpening a pen.

"Ahem!" growled the servant. "From that window one can overlook the apartments of the Marchesa. If the Herr Marchese is satisfied, I am. *I* was not asked whether we should admit the military gentleman into the castle or not. And if he chooses to amuse himself by prattling two long hours with Barbara at the stone quarry—"

"Who says that? who has seen it?"

"Domenico, the herdsman. They were seated in the hut when he drove by the herd. As he came down, I stood by the bridge, and he told me."

"What was Barbara seeking outside the castle?"

"She went to the cloister for sleeping-powders for the Marchesa. It may be that she meant others should profit by them."

A pause ensued. The Marchese closed his eyes, and leaned back in his arm-chair. Saddeo, who knew every expression of his master's countenance, appeared delighted to see him so deeply moved.

"I have something more to say," he continued, while he placed the powder-horn and shot-bag in the desk, and flung the rifle over his shoulder to clean it outside. "The Herr Captain has asked me not to lock the door of the tower. I told him that I had been accustomed to lock it, and he said that he was accustomed to drink fresh water at night, and if it pleased him to fill his pitcher at midnight, he wished to do so. Besides, he did not fancy this idea of being locked up like a prisoner. Will the Herr Marchese inform me what I am to do?"

Greatly excited, the Marchese rose from his chair. With folded arms he walked for full ten minutes up and down the room, while Saddeo rubbed phlegmatically with his handkerchief the barrel of the gun. At last, the master stepped to the window recess, and looked out into the night.

"Do what you think best, Saddeo," said he at length. "You have an Argus-eye and nothing escapes you. But I confide in your truth. The door to the tower will remain open. I wish you to act as if you heard and saw nothing, while you hear and see all. Go now. You may say to the stranger that I have gone to bed, but, to-morrow, I hope to salute him."

Saddeo went. But scarce was he out of the room ere he again entered, and left the door open behind him.

"Do you hear?" he asked, half aloud.

The thin, shrill voice of Barbara rang out over the court.

"What should I hear?" asked the Marchese. "The old woman is singing at the well."

"And what?" whispered Saddeo, his face glowing with malicious joy.

"I cannot understand a word," said the Marchese, after he had listened awhile. But of what earthly consequence is her singsong? Go, and leave me alone."

"The very same again," whispered the fellow, pressing back his one eye, as if he could thus sharpen the sense of hearing. "Do you not hear?"

"In the garden behind our house,
A serpent creeps, a serpent creeps."

"Yes, now I hear. It is the song from the Donna Lombarda, which all our peasant women sing."

"But not *thus*, Herr Marchese. Listen how the accursed hag has changed the words."

Just now swelled the tones anew, louder and more shrill. One could plainly understand every syllable:

"At midnight when the moon has set,
Await thou me—do not forget.
The serpent then lulled fast to sleep,
Will no more through the garden creep."

Then all was still. Master and servant gazed for a moment into each other's faces, and the sharp eye of Saddeo remarked that the Marchese trembled from head to foot, as he seemed to stand just ready to spring out and throttle the singer. But very soon he was again master of himself.

"Go," said he, with a tranquil voice. "Let all remain as I have told you."

When Saddeo was gone, the stern, proud man threw himself into the arm-chair and buried his face in his hands. The storm of conflicting emotion that raged in his breast, who could know?

The moon rose late. Eugene had long been awaiting it, and yet as he saw its pale disk first peering above the horizon, he shuddered. A conflict was going on within him. One moment, he could hardly wait the appointed time to slip through the forbidden door; the next, when the grave, noble face of the Marchese rose up before him, he wished that he had never entered this house. Again he went down into the gloomy hall, and looked into the court. But all was dark and silent. His heart throbbed when he thought of what was before him; but he seemed impelled by some invisible power.

At the hour designated by the old woman, he glided through the darkness down the stairs, carrying a glass in his hand to serve as an excuse if he encountered the one-eyed Saddeo. But no one was in the court. For a long time he sat upon the stone rim of the well and listened to the raven that croaked above him in the night air. The cypress grove became more and more distinct, as its dark, mournful trees absorbed the moon-beams, which lighted up the fig-leaves with glowing splendor, and the white wall with its silvered battlements stared into the light gray heaven, whose reflection was over all.

A door opened stealthily. Hushed steps came through the dark court, and he heard the suppressed voice of Barbara—

"Is it you? Come!"

Then, while they walked over the stone pavement, she said:

"All is in order. Luckily, Saddeo to-night was thirsty as a sponge. He did not even stop to pour his wine into a glass, but drank it right out of the pitcher; and very soon he had to go to bed. We must go through his chamber; but never fear. He snores so that a regiment of soldiers, with their music, could march by him and not waken him. See there!" and she pushed her companion through the small door into an angled chamber, through whose one round, little window only a few moonbeams could find entrance. In the background, stretched out upon a low bed, lay Saddeo in his clothes, breathing so hard that it sounded like a rattle in the throat.

"Much good may it do him," muttered the old woman, shaking her fist at the hated man. He has a sixfold portion of our powders. I wish there was a wild-cat on his bed to scratch out his other villainous eye. Follow me, Herr Captain—here!" and she opened the door of the spacious chamber into which he had looked the evening before from the window of the hall.

"It is dark here—but, only hold fast my hand. My lady is in the next room. She has been up two hours—and writes and writes, Heaven knows what, in a book which she always keeps closed from me. And see! this door leads into the garden. I took the keys away from that snoring monster. You may go on before, and then I will urge my mistress to take a little air, and bring her out. But you must remain in shadow, and not step out until I cough. For she has no inclination to see a stranger, now, for the first time in three years."

So saying, she opened the door and let him enter the garden. It was so narrow and small, that, surrounded by its very high wall, it appeared to him like the bottom of a dried-up well, where the recent moisture had started up vegetation on all sides. It was terrible to think that here a beautiful young life wasted away, hidden from the eye of day, and forbidden to breathe the fresh air of heaven. All misgivings as to whether he was not trespassing against the laws of hospitality, by seeking to pry into the secret of this unhappy marriage, passed from him in a moment. He glowed with resentment and chivalrous courage as he measured the height of the walls, and silently planned how they might be scaled, should no other way of escape open. When behind in the great chamber he heard the voice of the old woman, he stepped into the shadow as she had bidden him, and stood over by the wall.

The door opened. The young wife walked out into the moonlight, but remained standing upon the stone steps like a statue, her large black eyes, with an indescribable expression, directed to the night heaven, in which the moon, slowly mounting upwards, now stood above the battlements of the castle. She was dressed wholly in gray, without ornament of any kind save a small golden cross, which, suspended by a black band, hung over her breast. The beautiful young face was of a paleness as ghastly as if she had just risen from the bier, and her manner was that of one who is bewildered to find herself again among the living. Eugene shrank into his dark corner as she flitted past. Was this the same figure which, years before, radiant with joy and health, had glided, leaning upon his arm, through the ball room?

She scarce appeared to heed what the old woman said to her. Thoughtfully she stood by the rose-bushes in the midst of the garden. She plucked a single leaf from a red rose, and appeared to moisten her lips with the dew that hung upon it. Eugene did not understand what Barbara said to her, but he saw that she trembled from head to foot, and threw a hasty glance about her. At this moment the old woman coughed, and Eugene, who had with difficulty mastered his impatience, walked quickly from his hiding-place.

But horrified, he marked the deep anguish and deadly terror depicted on her face. Her cheeks flushed almost to purple; she tried to speak, but only opened silent lips, and flung her arms forward as if she would fain ward off the fatal apparition. He stepped forward, and in the most respectful manner excused this intrusion upon her solitude. He told her that the purest sympathy for her melancholy fate had moved him, and he had no other end in view than to do her a service. If she would only say the word, he pledged his life to deliver her from this murderous confinement.

"I am not entirely a stranger to you, madam," he said. "Some years ago I met you in the midst of splendor and happiness. You scarcely noticed me at that time, but I have long borne your image in my heart, and now—"

"Enough," she replied, her eyes immovably fixed upon the ground. "Go—and where are you, Barbara? Tell him—"

"Listen further to him, dearest lady," implored the old woman. "He only wishes your permission to go to your mother, and tell her that you are not sick in body or weak in mind, and that he fears as I do, that you will die unless—"

"And if I wish to die who shall hinder me?" she said in a strong, determined voice, and looked down upon the stranger as if from an unapproachable height. "Go, sir, and seek no more to intrude upon my life. You have meant to do me good; therefore no one shall be informed of your visit. If it is repeated, I shall feel obliged to tell him who is lord of my destiny. Never again—never! You know my decision."

Then she turned quickly to the door, and before he could answer a word she had vanished.

"Oh, pitying Mother of Grace," sighed the old woman wringing her hands, "what shall we do now? She will go mad if this confinement much longer endures. In this cage she will soon become just like a blind nightingale. 'If I wish to die who shall hinder me!' Ah, there must be a grain of insanity in that, when one is only twenty-two, and so beautiful and so gifted! Tell me, in God's name, dear captain, if I must henceforth lock up all this misery in my wee breast, and make no farther effort in her behalf?"

"Our efforts thus far have entirely failed, Barbara," he said sadly. "We should have thought how long it is since she has seen a stranger's face, and may not the fear of making her condition worse in the end cause her to shrink from any appearance of attempting to escape? Oh, why has all thus gone wrong? How long a time will it need to restore this poor life to light and freedom? Oh, Barbara!"

He was silent and tears stood in his eyes. "Conduct me back," he said at length, "and listen, I will make another attempt. Fool that I was not to have first thought of this way. I will write her a letter. She may send it back, but it can surely do her no harm."

"Do so," replied the old woman, while they again walked through the dark room. "See, there lies that animal, Saddeo, just like a dead log, and sleeps off his wine; I feared he might find out afterwards what we had given him. That he could never forgive, and would vent his rage on me. I must now be doubly careful, and have nothing more to do with you. But if you lay the letter under the stepping-stone to the well, no one but me will find it there. Now be careful to make it right affecting. Above all, remind her of her mother, for she has always loved her mother better than any one but Gino, and if she had not so positively forbidden me ever to mention the countess—"

The voice of the old woman sank to a whisper as she passed with the stranger out into the dark court. Scarce had she turned her back, ere the sleeper moved in his corner, opened his one eye, and crept like a cat to the wall, where through the round window he could look out into the court. A few minutes after, when Barbara came back on her way to bed, he lay again in the former place as if he had never left it.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Purchasing a Farm.

Collector David Henshaw was a kind-hearted man as well as able; but smart as he was, on one occasion in doing a generous act, he was sadly taken in. An old customer doing business in Eaton, N. H., had failed, owing Mr. H.'s firm about $2,000. After settling with his other creditors, he came to see Mr. H.

"Well, sir," said the latter, "what can you do for us?"

"Have saved my farm for you, sir," replied the unfortunate.

"Your farm, hey," said Mr. H., and what have you got left?"

"Well, sir, a horse, a pig and cow, and altogether I think they may bring me in about seventy-five dollars—sufficient I hope to get myself and family out West, where I intend to settle; by-the-way, here's the deed of the farm, sir," said the poor but honest debtor, as he passed the document which certified Mr. H.'s legal right to two hundred acres of land, "more or less," and long known as the "Cold Stream Farm."

"Oh, that will never do," says Mr. H., and drawing his check for $500, he handed it to his old customer, remarking at the same time that he "was sorry for his misfortunes, and appreciating his integrity, it gave him great pleasure to be able to afford him a little help at starting again."

The poor fellow was greatly surprised, and reluctantly taking the check, "with a tear drop in each eye," heartily thanked his over-generous creditor and departed, but to be seen by Mr. H. never more.

About the first of the April following, Mr. Henshaw thought he would go up to Eaton and take a look at his real estate there. Arriving at about dusk, he "put up" at the tavern kept by his old friend March, who, on learning his guest's errand, said he would go out with him next morning and show him where the farm lay.

Next day, soon after breakfast, the two sallied out to see it. After proceeding a few rods the old tavern-keeper halted, and directing his companion's attention to a bare but very steep and rough-looking mountain, that stood a few miles off, remarked that "that was called Bald Mountain."

"That's a rough-looking place," said the other.

"Well," continued the tavern-keeper, "the location of your property—the 'Cold Stream Farm'—is on the top of that mountain."

"Yes, but how do you get there?"

"Why, you don't suppose anybody was ever up there, do you, Mr. Henshaw?"

"Well, what's the good of it—what is done with it?" ruefully inquired the amazed merchant.

"The town sells it every year for the taxes," replied the tavern keeper.

"They do, hey?" says Mr. Henshaw, "and pray tell me who in these parts is fool enough to buy that style of property?"

"Why, any of our chaps around here who get into trouble or fail, buy it for the purpose of settling with their Boston creditors."

Mr. Henshaw took the first opportunity to return home, and perhaps would not have told the story, had not a friend, in asking him as collector, to give a man a place in the Custom House, for one reason, among and above others, that he was from New Hampshire—when he gave this little bit of experience with one of the Granite State men.

☞ Parties in Bridgeport, Conn., are engaged in getting out a novelty in the shape of a wagon body. The entire body is made of rubber, hardened by the addition of tin and iron in the composition, and is cast in a mould.

☞ Brown, on his first journey per coach, not long ago, worried the driver beside whom he sat with incessant childish questions about everything on the road. At last he gave his quietus, thus:

Driver—"There's been a woman lying in that house more than a month, and they haven't buried her yet."

Brown—"Not buried her yet! Pray tell me, why not?"

Driver—"Because she isn't dead!"

☞ It may not be generally known that the trombone was in use among the ancients, but the art of making this instrument was lost. In excavating Herculaneum, one of them was found and sent to George III. of England, under whose direction the manufacture was revived.

☞ Letters from Paris say that the Emperor never looked better; never showed himself more frequently in public; never seemed stronger on his legs, or fonder of exercising them. He and his now matronly, but still pretty and elegant wife, may be seen almost daily taking their stroll together.

Among Wolves.

One of the most muscular, powerful, full-limbed settlers on the New York frontier, a century since, was Heinrich Kaupmann. His arms were like piston-rods, and he could drive his huge mallet-fists with such tremendous momentum as to fell an ox as if stricken by a thunderbolt.

It was said that he was once caught by two iron-muscled Mohawks, each armed with knives, while Heinrich had neither; yet at the first onset he fractured the skull of the foremost Indian, and bore the second to the earth as if he were nothing but an infant. That Indian never resumed his perpendicular again.

All this is by way of introduction to an adventure that Kaupmann once had with a pack of wolves, and which came fearfully nigh having a fatal result for him.

The winter of 17— was an unusually severe one throughout the Northern states, and many deaths from exposure and starvation occurred before the opening of spring. The wolves, bears and wild animals became nearly famished from hunger, and as a consequence, were unusually fierce and courageous. They came down from the mountains, and woe to the sheep-fold that was left unprotected during the night. They were sure to be invaded by the starving animals, and not a sheep would live to tell the tale.

There were tracks around the barns where the wolves had trotted all night in their search for some means of entrance; their howls could be heard through the still, cold hours, and more than one housewife had been chased to her very door by imprudently venturing forth at nightfall.

Many of the settlers sat in the upper story of their houses, and amused themselves by shooting the wolves, for whose scalps the government had a standing bounty of several shillings.

Heinrich Kaupmann remained at home, only venturing forth to attend to his dumb animals, and to see that they were properly protected during the night. But after a while, his stock of groceries became low, and finally gave out altogether. True, he and his family could live on the poultry, sheep and animals they owned; but it was rather unpleasant to be without tea, coffee, sugar, salt, and many other articles that were more necessities than they were luxuries.

By this time, too, the roads had been traversed so much, that they were thoroughly broken, and Heinrich concluded to harness up his mare to his sled and go to the village, about four miles distant, and procure the articles he so much needed.

With a want of foresight which he never could explain, he started upon his journey without any weapon except a keen-edged hatchet, which he carried in case the sled should give out. In the house hung his trusty rifle, but neither he nor his good wife seemed to imagine that there would be any call for it, and he drove cheerily away, bidding his wife a merry good-by, as his mare went at a spanking gait down the road towards the village.

The latter place—which might more properly be termed a settlement—was reached in due time, the groceries all bought, and everything was in readiness to start homeward.

Heinrich had been storm-bound so long in his house that he found the companionship of his friends at the village tavern very agreeable. There was so much talk about, so much news to listen to, such a quantity of gossip regarding the affairs of the neighborhood, that the time slipped unconsciously by, until, when he arose to go, he found it almost dark.

Still he had no fears, as his wife would understand that he had remained at the village, and there was no necessity of his immediate return.

As he turned homeward and left the village behind him, and noticed that the dim light by which he was travelling belonged to the moon, it flashed upon him that perhaps he would encounter danger before reaching home, and he regretted for the twentieth time, that he had left his rifle behind. The road, deep between the drifts of snow was just sufficient width for the little mare and sled, and the spirited little animal went forward at a swift gait, while Heinrich, somewhat stupified and weary, was beguiled into drowsiness by the easy gliding motion of the sled.

He was half-asleep and half-conscious, when he became sensible of the rapid increase of the motion of the sled. He felt it jerk several times beneath him, and all at once a fiercer jerk than usual, accompanied by a neigh of terror, effectually aroused him, and he sat upright and looked around. He looked in front; all wore its wonted appearance; a wild, straggling piece of wood, standing two feet deep in snow, the narrow track twisting through it; the heavens cold and clear, the earth white; but close behind the sled were three gaunt animals, cantering heavily, while a fourth was fast gaining behind.

The jaws of the leading wolf, owing to the lowness of the sled, were within reach of Heinrich's shoulders. But the latter cared little for this. The brutes were after the mare, and upon her courage and fortitude depended the escape of herself and master.

If the alarmed creature could have the nerve to keep steadily onward in the track, she had a good chance of eluding her pursuers; for the moment the wolves sprang outside to pass the sleigh, but the depth of the snow so diminished their speed that they fell behind.

But should the mare, in her terror, spring aside and plunge in the snow, Kaupmann knew it was all up with both of them. Such a proceeding would disentangle her from the sled, and before she could flounder a dozen yards through the snow, the wolves would be tearing her to shreds.

Heinrich leaned forward and spoke kindly to his animal, who raised her ears which were flat with terror, and fell into a more even pace. He then turned and brandished his keen-edged hatchet, shouted to the brutes, but did not discomfit them in the least.

Reaching forward, he patted his mare with the hand that held the reins, while he held the hatchet in the other, and kept his eye upon the ferocious brutes. However, he did not use the weapon, for the closer the wolves kept to the sled, the less they were seen by the horse, and, as a consequence, there was the less probability of her terror becoming uncontrollable, and her breaking aside from the path.

So long as matters retained their relative position, Heinrich felt that all was going well.

It was not long before the wolves discovered that there was little prospect of success so long as they remained in the track, and they now began springing aside and attempting to get abreast of the horse. In every instance they fell behind; but each effort revealed them to the terrified mare, that had no blinders, and the furious plunges she made filled Heinrich with the greatest anxiety.

One of the wolves was very large, straight-limbed, and showed a speed superior to the rest. More than once, when he sprang out into the snow, he advanced nearer abreast of the horse than the others. Upon this gaunt creature Heinrich fixed his eye, and caught the green light that played from his eyelids.

By-and-by the snow became flatter, and the huge wolf swang aside. The speed of these animals is extraordinary, and he gained rapidly. Heinrich waited until he got just abreast, when, rising in his seat, he circled the hatchet over his head, and brought it down with the quickness of lightning. The head was cleft in twain, and with a dying yelp he doubled over in the snow, and was quickly left behind.

One of the dreaded animals was dispatched; there were three left, as furious for blood as he; and these never abated their speed in the least. Had they got a taste of their companion, they would have gorged themselves on him before seeking the horse, but he was whisked off the stage of life so suddenly that they scarcely noticed his absence.

The distance from home was rapidly diminishing beneath the quick steps of his mare, which continued to carry the sled at full speed, until the fear of overturning became again a source of anxiety. Heinrich, too, had learned by this time that these were no ordinary animals with which he had to deal, but sharp set, courageous and determined brutes, to which man or beast would be alike welcome, their preference, however, as manifested by their actions, being for horse-flesh.

They were not the animals to be frightened away by the sight of a man's house, and there was a bad open space between the outskirts of the forest and Heinrich's home, to which he looked with no little apprehension.

They had now approached the very edge of the wood, and the wolves began gaining on each side. The terror-stricken horse became uncontrollable, and bounding terrifically forward, caught the sled against the stump of a tree, overturned it, and galloped away at a full run, leaving Heinrich alone in the snow.

Before he could rise, he felt the brutes clawing at his throat, but his garments were so thick that he was saved from injury; and rising to his feet, he threw them off. His hatchet had been jerked from his hand as he fell, and he looked desperately around for it, but it was not to be found.

By this time the mare was almost out of sight, and two of the wolves were upon the defenceless man, and the other, deserting the animal, bounded back. Heinrich faced the foremost and the next moment was surrounded.

The powerful man now called into play all the strength for which he was so renowned. He struck furiously at the leaping, snarling brutes, and flung them off when they attempted to cling to him. Had he a weapon, even a club, it is not impossible that he would have saved himself. One blow, with a club in his hands, would have cracked the skull of the largest brute, and with a knife he could have ripped them open.

But there was no hope, fighting with his naked hand. His blood had already dyed the snow, and the smell and taste of it made the brutes furious. Their lithe, heavy bodies were hurled against him, as if impelled by some power not their own, and finally pulled him down.

The sweets of the earth, the mysteries of heaven, swept through poor Heinrich's mind in those brief, terrible moments; the particulars found time to intrude. It is often, very often thus in the moment of death.

He thought how his devoted Mary would watch through the vigil—how his mangled remains would tell his fate in the morning—a life's despair for the mother of the little ones. All these things rushed through his brain, and he knew that he himself was in the jaws of the wolves.

Then those foul, lurid eyes glared over him; and tightening on the throat followed, and thinking was finished. Still he struggled to release his arms—the grasp on his throat was choking him; his senses reeled, when, like the whizzing of a meteor, another hard-breathing animal shot in among the assailants, and fastened itself on the chief.

The wolves for an instant relaxed their fury; Heinrich reeled giddily to his feet, and recognized his brave dog. For a moment he stood bewildered, when he saw one wolf retreating, and the other two attacking his dauntless dog. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye; it was his hatchet lying in the snow, within an arm's length of the last terrible struggle. Heinrich snatched it, and he was himself again.

His arms were bleeding, but his giant strength remained. The next instant he had split the skull of one of the wolves, and he now turned like a madman upon the fierce animal that had borne his faithful dog to the ground.

The first blow laid bare the gaunt backbone, the next his throat, a terrible gash, and the third loosened his fearful gripe upon the dog. Still he struggled fiercely, when Heinrich sprang upon the animal, and cut and hacked and slashed until the wolf was mince-meat.

As he arose, a hand was on his shoulder, and turning, a head was on his bosom.

"Heinrich!"

"Mary!"

Long did the young people stand in speechless embrace, but the weaker supported the stronger, for Heinrich's nerves were gone, and he leaned upon Mary like a helpless child.

The arrival of the affrighted horse had roused the wife, and the moment she opened the door the dog rushed forth, led by his kindly instinct. Mary flew wildly after him, not pausing to bring the rifle. But this, it has been shown, was not needed.

The Widow Cabochard.

It is well known that at the Pere la Chaise Cemetery, near Paris, there stands in a conspicuous position a splendid monument to Pierre Cabochard, grocer, with a pathetic inscription which closes thus:

"His inconsolable widow
dedicates this monument to his memory,
and continues the same business at the
old stand, 161 Rue Mouffetard."

Now a Parisian paper relates that a short time ago, a gentleman who had noticed the above inscription was led by curiosity to call at the address indicated. Having expressed his desire to see Widow Cabochard, he was immediately ushered into the presence of a fashionably-dressed and full-bearded man, who asked what was the object of his visit.

"I came to see the Widow Cabochard, sir."

"Well, sir, here she is."

"I beg pardon, but I wish to see the lady in person."

"Sir, *I* am the Widow Cabochard."

"I don't exactly understand you. I allude to the relict of the late Pierre Cabochard, whose monument I saw yesterday at the 'Pere la Chaise.'"

"I see, I see," was the smiling rejoinder. "Allow me to inform you that Pierre Cabochard is a myth, and therefore never had a wife. The tomb you admired cost me a good deal of money, and although no one is buried there, it proves a first-rate advertisement, and I have had no cause to regret the expense. Now, sir, what can I sell you in the way of groceries?"

The Tallow Candle Theory.

Many persons have heard it asserted that a tallow candle, when fired from an ordinary gun with the usual charge of powder, at a deal board three-quarters of an inch thick, will pass through the board, but very few who have not seen it done believe it. On Monday a party of riflemen and other gentlemen, for the purpose of deciding a bet on the subject, adjourned to the butts of the North Middlesex Rifles at Child's Hill, where a board of the thickness described having been fixed in an upright position, a common half-penny dip was fired at it from a fowling piece, from a distance of about fifteen paces. The candle struck the board with its full force and length, and passed through, leaving a hole exactly the shape of the candle. The remains of the candle were found scattered in pieces resembling snow-flakes on the high mound of earth in the rear of the board. A second candle, when fired from the fowling-piece, passed through the board, making a circular hole, which was, however, very ragged around the edges. A third candle carried away a large piece of the board, nine inches long and three inches broad, breaking away the boundary on one side of the hole made by the first shot. A candle fired from a rifle failed to pass through the board, the grooves of the rifle stripping the tallow from the wick as it passed out. The smooth-bore fowling-piece was loaded each time with two and a-half drachms of powder, a small piece of paper as a wad, and a common tallow dip, which had not been specially prepared in any manner. —*Court Journal.*

New Style of Printing.

Messrs. Leighton Brothers' new patent process for printing is very remarkable, being a sort of topsy-turvy process, soft type on hard surfaces, *not* hard type on soft surfaces. Moreover, it can be applied to inner as well as outer surfaces. For instance, the Leightons will print you an advertisement, or particulars of a chemical analysis, or a song, or anything else, on the inside of a bottle, a jar, a tea-cup, or a lamp-shade. After this, it will be easy to understand that to print on plates, dishes, cups and saucers, basins, and so forth, is an easy matter. They can also print on marble, stone, iron, leather, sail-cloth; in short, what can they not print on, for the types are made of vulcanised India-rubber, and never wear out? With a roller properly contrived and fed with ink, it would be possible on a dry day to print all along the foot-pavement of a street. What a chance for enterprising advertisers!—Messrs. Leighton exhibited their process last year at one of the President of the Royal Society's soirees, and it is now, as we hear, being successfully worked by a Company in Paris.—*English Paper.*

☞ Mrs. Michael Mack, of New Berlin, Mo., gave birth to three daughters. Mother and triplets are as well as can be expected. In honor of the unusual occasion, the citizens of that enviable burg have presented to the happy mother a purse of thirty dollars.

☞ "Our mothers, the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch," is a toast said to have been offered at a railroad banquet.

☞ Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver; and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings.—*Burke.*

☞ An Arkansas coroner recently charged a jury that they were to ascertain whether the deceased came to his death "by accidence, by incidence, or by incendiary." The jury found "death by accidence in the shape of a bowie-knife."

☞ Recently in Texas, two negroes falling in love with the same Dinah, were induced to fight a duel, she having promised to award her heart and hand to the conqueror. A squad of idle soldiers constituted themselves as seconds, took the two lovers in the woods, armed them with muskets, and put them twenty paces apart. It seems that one of the principals had loaded his musket with an immense charge of powder and a handful of musket balls. When his gun fired, everything fell before him. He killed his adversary, wounded four of the seconds, and had his own breastworks seriously injured.

☞ A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker, says a number of farmers in Ontario county, N. Y., tried the plan of spaying cows some fifteen or twenty years ago; they ceased to give milk, contrary to the theory of M. Guenon. None of these farmers tried the experiment a second time.

Love-Making in 1876.

[From that clever bagatelle, "The Spirit of Seventy-Six, or the Coming Woman," just published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., we take the following scene:]

Miss Griffin—You find a great change in our midst, my dear sir, on your return. Woman has taken her rightful place, and, no longer the Slave of Man, shares with you the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. A glorious change, Mr. Carberry.

Carberry—A very striking change, indeed, madam.

Miss Griffin—A *glorious* change, Mr. Carberry! The cruel Past is wiped out, with all its brutal, barbarous conventionalities, and the Female is free. When you went abroad, my dear Mr. Carberry, she had no initiative,—positively *no* initiative. Her affinities were stifled, and her tongue was paralyzed. It was her humble part to silently await the Coming Man, who, perhaps, never came or might better have stayed away.

Carberry—A trying position, certainly. [Aside.] Thunder! what a bore she is!

Miss Griffin—It was a cruel, cruel law which debarred us from the free exercise of our choice in the most important crisis of our lives. With perceptions, too, so much finer than those of Man, by which to detect the right person at once.

Carberry—Precisely. . . . . But I think you spoke of wishing to see me on business?

Miss Griffin—Now, Woman, trusting to her unerring instinct, goes frankly to the man of her choice, and gives him her hand with her heart in it. . . . *thus* . . . [Offering her hand.]

Servant [at the door]—Miss Griffin, the Chairwoman of the Committee for the Suppression of Male Dinner-parties is down stairs,—says she must see you on business.

Miss Griffin—Provoking! But you sit perfectly still, and I'll be back directly.

[*Exit Miss Griffin.*

Carberry—Good Heavens! what a dreadful situation I am in! This woman is evidently going to make me an offer of marriage! What shall I do? What can I say? What on earth was it young ladies used to say in the good old times? I am so upset, I can't even recollect what that pretty Fanny Slippery said to *me* in Shanghae! This is a thousand times worse than being refused one's self. . . . Let me see . . . . Fanny made at least a dozen excellent excuses. . . . . too young . . . . short acquaintance. . . . . inexperience . .

[*Re-enter* Miss Griffin.]

Miss Griffin—An unwelcome interruption, but you won't think the worse of me for putting public duty before private feeling. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more." . . . . Dear Mr. Carberry, you can't have mistaken me.

Carberry—Forgive me, Miss Griffin, but on so short an acquaintance. . . . . I assure you I never supposed . . . .

Miss Griffin—Yes, it is short, as the world counts time,—but what of that, since henceforth our whole lives will be devoted to each other?

Carberry—Indeed, I never imagined that your feelings for me were more than a passing admiration . . . .

Miss Griffin—That shows you have no comprehension of the transcendent Truthfulness of Woman. *We* should scorn to pay attention to a young man, and win his timid affections and then shy off, and mean nothing after all. Oh no, my dearest Thomas, I am deeply, terribly in earnest!

Carberry—I am most sorry, believe me, if any thoughtlessness of mine has encouraged these hopes. [Aside.] Thunder! how hard she is to refuse! [Aloud.] I have no idea of marrying, I assure you.

Miss Griffin—And why not? Why bloom a single rose?

Carberry—Oh, I'm too young!

Miss Griffin—I will wait.

Carberry—I am so ignorant, so inexperienced . . . . . I am not worthy of you. Forget me, I entreat you, and be happy with another!

Miss Griffin—Never! My happiness depends on your consent! I'll blow my brains out if you refuse! [Goes down on her knees.] I will *not* live without you! [Seizing his hand.]

Carberry [trying to get away]—Don't, don't, my dear Miss Griffin! Get up, I beg you! you distress me exceedingly!

Miss Griffin—No! I'll take root at your feet! I'll never get up till you give in.

Carberry [in despair]—Well, well . . . . I hear some one coming,—*only* get up, and I'll see about it,—I'll refer you to my father . . . .

Enter Judge.

Miss Griffin [rising]—My dear sister, congratulate me; Mr. Carberry has promised to be mine!

Judge [Aside]—Just as I said! he is snapped up. *Quam celeriter!* [Aloud.] Wolverine, there are higher aims than marriage for the women of '76—and from my own experience, I think a woman's career is hampered by a husband. But try it, if you like. Dou you wish to be married immediately?

Miss Griffin—*I'm* all ready.

Judge—Then I will receive your declaration, which is all that is necessary to constitute a legal marriage.

Miss Griffin—You begin, dear Carberry.

Carberry—Oh, impossible! quite impossible! My conscience would never permit such a thing. I shouldn't feel married at all, unless it were in church.

Judge—Sir, religion has been reconstructed—and such superstitions are out of date.

Miss Griffin—Yes, I wonder you should cling to those old-fashioned prejudices. However, if you really prefer it we can send for the clergywoman. The Rev. Arabella Parsons lives next door.

Carberry—Oh, no, you mustn't hurry me, indeed. I . . . . I . . . . . [Struck by an idea.] I want at least three months to send to Paris for my trousseau. I couldn't think of having my wedding coat made in Boston. I won't be married at all unless I can have a proper wedding.

Judge [indignantly]—A proper wedding! Sir, I would have you to know that a contract made before me is eminently a proper wedding. A simple declaration of your intention is all sufficient in the eye of the law. In fact, I believe you have both already said so, and I shall proceed to make out the necessary certificate, without loss of time. [Takes a pen.]

Carberry [seizing her arm]—No! I'll swear. . . . I mean, I'm sure I didn't . . . . you misunderstood me. I beg you, ladies, to give me a little time to recover myself. . . . This . . . . happiness . . . . has been so unexpected, I feel quite overcome. . . . . I will give you an answer by-and-by . . . . but now I have a severe headache . . . . brought on by nervous excitement. . . .

Miss Griffin—Nervous excitement! Shaker Extract of Valerian is what you want. Lie down on the sofa, and put your feet up, and I'll bring you some in a quarter of an hour. [Making Carberry lie down.]

Judge [looking at him with disdain]—Men are not like us, Wolverine. They have no strength of mind.

[Exeunt Miss Griffin and Judge. Carberry covers his face with his handkerchief and groans.]

Fashionable Shams.

The perils of fashionable shams were recently illustrated at a ball in Paris, when an elegantly-dressed lady found herself wearing only the string of her necklace, the wax pearls having melted entirely away in the heat. The India-rubber beautifiers, "palpitatorm," etc., are yet more dangerous. At a dinner-party given by a high personage of the official world, one of the ladies was equally remarked for the exquisite proportions of her bust and the animation of her conversation. Those who sat near the lady suddenly heard, in the middle of the dinner, and of some witty sally on her part, a sharp, small detonation, such as might be produced by the cracking open of a bean-pod. No one took any notice of the inexplicable sound; but it was observed that the lady became much less animated, that she kept one arm raised across her bosom, and fanned herself incessantly during the rest of the dinner, though the temperature of the dining-room was by no means too high. As soon as the company rose from the table, the lady, still fanning herself, suddenly disappeared; but as certain sharp eyes among her rivals had caught sight of a dimidished outline as she retreated from the sphere of vision, a good deal of merriment followed her disappearance. The lady's absence was, however, very short; for she returned to the drawing-room in the course of a few minutes, triumphant in the same plastic perfection that had excited so much admiration during the earlier part of the evening, and displayed all the *aplomb* and vivacity which had made her so charming. The screwing of the stopper, through which the air is blown into the class of "fixtures" in question, having been made this time sufficiently secure, the charms of Madame D——— underwent no further vicissitudes through the course of the evening.

☞ Professor Agassiz, having been reported as predicting the number of snow storms during the past winter, has denied the charge that he is a weather prophet, in a letter in which he says: "I have never meddled with predictions of storms or changes of weather, well knowing that meteorology is not yet sufficiently advanced to justify such attempts." No eminent man of science has ever been known to predict anything in regard to the future of the weather.

☞ The Times alluding to the statement that this is the year for the return of the seventeen-year locusts' says: "So is every year, as for that matter. The fact seems to be that there are seventeen kinds of locusts, and they come round in turns."

☞ At New Erie, Pa., they are using thick, strong paper to form walls and ceilings, instead of lath and plaster—the paper being put upon a backing of common hemlock boarding. By this new and approved method all the walls and ceilings of a good sized house can be put up in a very short time, and as well in the winter time as in summer, no drying being required. Besides, the paper walls and ceilings are much cheaper than the lath and plaster.

☞ It is said that the publication of Talleyrand's memoirs has been postponed, though the time he fixed for their publication comes this month; the matters of which they treat will not bear raking over anew yet.

☞ How can it be proved that Moses wore a wig? Because sometimes he was seen with 'air on (Aaron) and sometimes he wasn't.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been moderately active. About 12,000 bbls sold at $8,50@9 for superfine, $9@10 for extra, $10@11,75 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, $10,50@12 for Penna extra family, $11@13 for Ohio extra family, and $13@16,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour, 400 bbls sold in lots at $5 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light; 18,000 bus of good to prime Penna and Southern red sold at $2,80@2,88, 5000 bus of choice do at $2,90@2,95; 4000 bus of Southern and Penna amber at $2,91@2,95, and 7000 bus of white at $3,10@3,20 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye; 8000 bus of Penna sold at $1,00@1,05 ₩ bus. Corn; 25,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,17@1,22; 19,000 bus of prime yellow at $1,19@1,22, and 4000 bus of white at $1,12@1,15. Oats; 23,000 bus of Western sold at 80@85c, and 3000 bus of prime Penna and Southern at 88@90c, and 2000 bus of choice light do at 92@95c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market has been excited. Sales of Mess Pork at $25@25,50, and prime at $26@26,50. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $26@27. Beef Hams sell at $30@40 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of 600 tcs plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19@21c; Sides at 16½@17½c; and Shoulders at 14½@14½c ₩ lb. Green Meats—Sales of 800 tcs pickled Hams at 17½@18c; and 75,000 lbs of Shoulders sold at 15½c ₩ lb. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 18@18½c ₩ lb, and kegs at 18½c ₩ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 20@40c, and roll at 35@50c ₩ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 15½@16c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 26@27c ₩ doz.

COTTON—About 1500 bales middlings sold in lots at 30@31½c for Uplands and 31@32½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

HAIR—Sales of 1st No. 1 Quercitron at $57 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales at 6@6½c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7½@8c, and 30,000 lbs of halves at 11@12c ₩ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 19@25c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4@5 ₩ bbl.

SEEDS—Clovereed has been dull; 1200 bus sold in lots at $5@5,20 for fair to prime Penna, and $6 ₩ bus for good to prime western.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 10½@11½ cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—7000 head were disposed of at from 7@8cts ₩ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

☞ Mr. Wm. Shore, an Englishman of wealth, said to have been affianced at one time to Florence Nightingale, died at Fox Lake, Wisconsin, recently.

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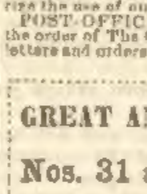

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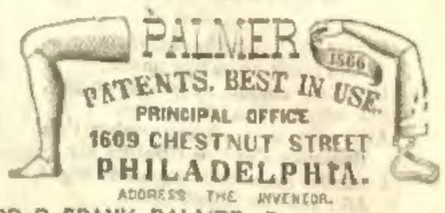

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Annual Income	500,000

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One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
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mar28-3m

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG, 94 Columbia St., New York City. nov30-6m

WIT AND HUMOR.

A LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

I miss her at the break of day,
And muse upon her name;
In all my moods, or grave, or gay,
I miss her just the same.
And when at dusk the zephyr light
Breathes o'er the rippling air,
I wander lonely through the night,
And yet she is not there.

I think of her, and wonder much
With whom she now may be;
The memory of her tone and touch
Alone remains to me.
Another sits beside her now,
Another hears her sighs—
Toys with the ringlets on her brow,
And gazes in her eyes.

Say, shall I groan beneath my grief?
Tell me, shall I repine?
Sink to the sere and yellow leaf
Since she's no longer mine?
Good gracious! nothing of the kind.
I miss her, it is true;
I miss her, certainly—but, mind,
I'm precious glad I do!

A Critic Outwitted.

Hiram Powers, the famous sculptor, will visit his native country the coming summer, it is stated, and spend some months with his relatives in Cincinnati. He is a native of that city, and lived there for many years, having first shown his genius by making some excellent wax figures for Dorfeuil's Museum, a well-known place of amusement in the West at that time. Among other figures he made one of Alexander Drake, a popular comedian in that section thirty years ago. Some of Powers's friends were so much pleased with his work that they invited the Queen City journalists to look at it—among them one notorious for his hypercriticism, and believed to be something of a pretender withal. The particular critic came in the evening, when the museum was dimly lighted, and took his position before the glass case. After gazing at the figure very intently for five minutes, he said to Powers, who was at his elbow: "There are some good points about this, Hiram; but it has some extraordinary defects. The nose is too long entirely, and the mouth has a queer twist. One arm is longer than the other. The position, too, is very unnatural. No man could stand in that way if he tried. It would be utterly impossible. I don't see, Hiram, how you could have made such a blunder." Powers laughed, and inquired of the figure: "What do you think of it, Drake?" The figure immediately stepped out of the case, and bursting into a loud laugh, said, "I think the position pretty natural, myself." The critic did not hear the last of the jest to his dying day, and never afterwards spoke to the facetious sculptor.

The Patent Leg.

The man with the wonderful mechanical leg which would never stop walking, was a very queer invention, but was hardly equal to the person of whom there is a German legend, who, having lost his legs in the war, was furnished with two India-rubber ones. On putting them on, he felt so happy that he sprang into the air; but when he came down he bounded back higher than before; and so every time he came down he rebounded into the air with greater velocity, until, as days, and weeks, and months passed on, and he returned from his aerial trips at longer intervals, he bounded above the clouds and came down upon all parts of the earth. It is supposed that he is still bounding and rebounding among the orbs of the universe, carried now to one and now to another planet by different currents of gravitation, and that he will continue thus in unceasing motion throughout all eternity. His fate was as terrible as that of a man who became the victim of an incurable ague:

"And it shook him, shook him sorely,
Shook his boots off and his toe nails,
Shook his teeth out and his hair off,
Shook his coat all into tatters,
Shook his shirt all into ribbons.
Shirtless, coatless, hairless, toothless,
Minus boots and minus toe nails,
Still it shook him, shook him till it
Made him yellow, gaunt and bony;
Shook him till he reached his death-bed,
Shook him till it shuffled for him
Off his mortal coil, and then, it
Having laid him cold and quiet,
Shook the earth all down upon him;
And he lies beneath his gravestone,
Ever shaking, shaking, shaking!"

A Good Watch Dog.

A dog is a good thing to have in the country. I have one that I raised from a pup. He is a good stout fellow, and a heavy barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was a thorough-bred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch dog, though the moment he sees any suspicious person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First, we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that the neighbors shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally we gave him away, and he came back; and now he has just returned from a fit in which he has torn up a patch that had been sown for our spring radishes.

Guns or Dogs.

According to the Richmond Dispatch, Jim Patterson, a venerable mulatto, in discussing the important question, "Which is the most dangerous, guns or dogs?" before a negro debating society at White Sulphur, in Virginia, spoke as follows: "Mr. President—Dose gentleman what has spoken differs from me on dis subjec. I think dogs is much more dangerus dan guns. Spose'n you set loaded guns all around Dry creek, dey ain't gwine off sep'n somebody pull de trigger; but dar's Mars. Ed. Caldwell's Cæsar, he gwine off wheder you pull him or no; and no nigger ain't gwine dar while he's dar. Dat, in my mind, settles de quesshun."

SENSATION NOVELS.

MARY.—"Please, sir, I've been looking everywhere for the last volume of that book you was reading."

LODGER.—"Oh, I took it back to the library this morning, I—"

MARY.—"Oh! then will you tell me, sir, if as how the 'Markis' found out as she'd pisoned 'er two fust 'usbands?"

One of the Boys.

In a Western village a charming, well-preserved widow had been courted and won by a physician. She has children; among them a crippled boy, who had been petted, and, if not spoiled, certainly allowed very great "freedom in debate." The wedding day was approaching, and it was time the children should know they were to have a new father. Calling the crippled boy, she said:

"Georgie, I am going to do something before long that I would like to talk about with you."

"Well, ma, what is it?"

"I am intending to marry Dr. Jones in a few days, and—"

"Bully for you, ma! *Does Dr. Jones know it?*"

Ma caught her breath, but failed to articulate a response.

Talmudic Proverbs.

When a righteous man dies it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the possessor who lost it—well may he weep.

Life is a passing shadow, says the Scripture. Is it the shadow of a tower or a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No, it is the shadow of a bird in its flight—away flies the bird, and there is neither bird nor shadow.

The reward of good works is like dates—sweet, and ripening late.

If your God hates idolatry, why does He not destroy it? a heathen asked. And they answered him: Behold, they worship the sun, the moon, the stars; would you have Him destroy this beautiful world for the sake of the foolish?

He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's altar weeps for him.

He who sees his wife die before him, has, as it were, been present at the sanctuary itself—around him the world grows dark. It is woman alone through whom God's blessings are vouchsafed to a house. She teaches the children, speeds the husband to the place of worship and instruction, welcomes him when he returns, keeps the house godly and pure, and God's blessings rests upon all these things.

He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him.

The house that does not open to the poor shall open to the physician.

The birds of the air even despise the miser.

There are three crowns: of the law, the priesthood, the kingship; but the crown of a good name is greater than them all.

Iron breaks the stone, fire melts iron, water extinguishes fire, the clouds drink up the water, a storm drives away the clouds, man withstands the storm, fear unmans man, wine dispels fear, sleep drives away wine, and death sweeps all away, even sleep. But Solomon the Wise says—Charity saves from death.

The cock and the owl both await the daylight. The light, says the cock, brings delight to me; but what are you waiting for?

When the thief has no opportunity for stealing, he considers himself an honest man.

The camel wanted to have horns, and they took away his ears.

The soldiers fight, and the kings are the heroes.

After the thief runs the theft; after the beggar, poverty.

While the foot is shod smash the thorn.

Descend a step in choosing a wife; mount a step in choosing a friend.

One eats, another says grace.

There is a great difference between him who is ashamed before his own self and him who is only ashamed before others. It is a good sign in a man to be capable of being ashamed. One contrition in man's heart is better than many flagellations.

☞ Ruskin says: "Wise men keep one side of their life for play, and another for work; and can be brilliant, and chattering, and transparent, when they are at ease—and yet take deep counsel on the other side, when they set themselves to their main purpose."

☞ A young Missourian, eulogizing his girl's beauty, said, "I'll be doggoned if she ain't as purty as a red wagon."

UNREQUITED.

He passes by with cold and heartless gaze,
And I must brave it—nay, and smile beneath
The casual look or word on me that falls,
As snowflakes from a May-day wreath.

And yet no word of mine shall ever break
The silence that between our hearts must lie.
I love him; yet he knows not, never shall;
No look shall tell him, till I die!

I see him yonder, basking in the smiles
Of one whose radiant brow and artful ways
Have all enthralled him. Doth she love as I?
No! with his heart she merely plays.

Oh! I could bear it all, did I but know
That love, true, faithful, lay within *her* heart,
So he might never feel, as I have felt,
Hope slowly, hour by hour, depart.

Oh! masters of our hearts, ye little know
What faith and love ye pass unheeded by;
Or leave for lighter words, or brighter smiles,
Without a thought—without a sigh!

The Future Model Village.

The future model village of New England, as I see it, shall have for the use of its inhabitants not merely a town lyceum hall and a town library, but a town laundry, fitted up with conveniences such as no private house can afford, and paying a price to the operators which will enable them to command an excellence of work such as private families seldom realize. It will also have a town bakery, where the best of family bread, white, brown, and of all grains, shall be compounded; and lastly a town cook-shop, where soup and meats may be bought, ready for the table. Those of us who have kept house abroad remember the ease with which our foreign establishments were carried on. A suite of elegant apartments, a courier, and one female servant, were the foundation of domestic life. Our courier boarded us at a moderate expense, and the servant took care of our rooms. Punctually to the dinner hour every day, our dinner came in on the head of a porter from a neighboring cook-shop. A large chest lined with tin, and kept warm by a tiny charcoal stove in the centre, being deposited in an ante-room, from it came forth, first, soup, then fish, then roast of various names, and lastly pastry and confections—far more courses than any reasonable Christian needs to keep him in healthy condition; and dinner being over, our box, with its *debris*, went out of the house, leaving a clear field.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

Period of the Growth of Man.

Prof. B. A. Gould, from statistics derived from the register of 2,500,000 men in the United States Army, has brought out the fact that men attain their maximum stature much later than is generally supposed. This takes place commonly at 29 or 30 years of age; but there are frequent instances of growth until 35, not very noticeable—a yearly gain of a tenth of an inch perhaps, still a growth. After 35 the stature subsides in similar proportions, partly perhaps from the condensation of the cartilages, partly because of the change in the angle of the hip bone. The age for maximum stature comes earliest to the tallest men, as if it were the necessity of unusual development. Foreigners were shorter than men of native birth. The heights of men seemed to depend on the place of enlistment. A Massachusetts man enlisting in Iowa, was an inch taller than if he had stayed at home. As we go west, men grow taller. One man measured more than 6 feet 10 inches. Out of one million, there were 500 who measured more than 6 feet 4 inches; but men of such stature do not wear well. In Maine, men reached their greatest height at 27; in New Hampshire, at 35; in Massachusetts, at 29; in New Jersey, at 31. The tallest men, of 69 inches, come from Iowa. Maine, Vermont, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota and Missouri give us men a little over 68; and the average of all shows the Americans to be a very tall people.

☞ When does a candle resemble a tomb-stone? When it is set up for a late husband.

AGRICULTURAL.

Treatment of Boys on the Farm.

In reading agricultural reports and papers, we find a great deal of complaint that the boys leave the farm for the city, counting room, work shop and various other employments. Is it all our fault? Do our parents and guardians do all that they can and should to make farm life interesting? Don't they make mere drudges of us, and do little to make us interested in our work? If we want a piece of land to plant for the purpose of trying some of the crops that we read of others raising at a profit, and by a particular mode of cultivation, we can't get it; or if we get any, it is some that is very poor, with scarcely any manure for it. Now I think if they would let us have from one-sixteenth to one-half an acre of good land, with plenty of dressing, and let us have time to take care of it, and at the same time require us to keep an account of all expenses of cultivation, and the value of each crop that we raise; and in case of failure explain to us why and how we could have done better, I think many of us would be better satisfied with farming. I, for one, like to try something on my own hook; and if I am doing anything under the direction of others, I like to know why it is done in the way directed. Now, Messrs. Editors, I think if you and other men of ability would advocate something like this, it would help keep us on the farm. ONE OF THE BOYS.

REMARKS.—We have repeatedly advised farmers to endeavor to interest their boys in the business of the farm by giving them some share in its profits, and some responsibility in its management. In an article published a few years since it was said, "Many a young man has been driven from the parental roof by excessive labor, by 'all work and no play.' He is called up early in the morning, at work before breakfast, with tools that no man would work with, yet good enough for the tender hands and growing muscles of a boy; his breakfast hastily swallowed in about a quarter of the time that the horse is eating his, and then away to work, straining every muscle in his body to keep up with men double his size. Cross words, and sometimes blows, are added to these, year after year, until he grows sick and discouraged with a farmer's life, and so looks forward with joy to the day of his majority.

"What wonder is it that so many of our young men are not willing to stick to the farm? What wonder that they look with distrust on such a life of servitude? And who wonders that so many fathers exclaim, 'I can't make my boys like farming!' The remedy is simple; remember that they are boys, not men. Bring all the light, learning and science of this enlightened age to bear on your noble profession—a noble profession, notwithstanding you make it a life of slavery. Buy labor-saving machines. Make the boys feel an interest in the work of the farm—let them have a share of the profits of some field. Subscribe for a good paper, and let the boys read it; you will soon find the advice contained in its columns make them feel contented with a farmer's life, and if you yourself glean no useful knowledge from its pages, the boys will, and they will begin to make a change for the better in the old homestead. The cattle will be cared for in a better manner, your work done at the proper season, and you will have them, at last, join in singing

"'A farmer's life is the life for me,
I own I love it dearly.'"

—*New England Farmer.*

Dogs.

The March Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture dwells upon the ravages committed by the dogs among the sheep in the United States. In 1866, five hundred thousand sheep, so far as reports were received, were killed by dogs, and their value was two millions of dollars. The number injured, so far as it could be learned, was three hundred thousand, and the loss is estimated at six hundred thousand dollars. The Commissioner says:

"The cost of keeping dogs, most of them utterly worthless when calculated for the whole country, assumes startling proportions. The estimate made in the report of 1863, of ten dollars per annum, or less than one cent per meal, cannot be considered extravagant, 'in view of prices paid for boarding dogs, the cost of keeping large numbers of them in cities, and their almost exclusive consumption of meat.' As to their numbers, it is believed by many that they will nearly average one to each family, or about seven millions in the United States. In cities and towns that average would not be reached, while many a pack of hounds and assemblage of curs of low degree might be found in the ownership of single families. Ohio, with a half a million of families, is supposed by many to have a half million of dogs; there are, however, little more than one-third of that number found on the assessors' books. It may be assumed, in view of all the data obtained, as a low estimate, that there are five millions of dogs in the United States, and that their subsistence involves an expenditure of fifty millions of dollars."

RECEIPTS.

TO BROIL SHAD.—This delicate and delicious dish is excellent broiled. Clean, wash, and split the shad, wipe it dry and sprinkle it with pepper and salt; broil it like mackerel.

TO FRY SHAD.—Clean the fish, cut off the head, and split it down the back; save the roe and eggs when taking out the entrails. Cut the fish in pieces about three inches wide, rinse each in cold water, and dry on a cloth; use wheat flour to rub each piece. Have ready hot salted lard and lay in the fish, inside down, and fry till of a fine brown, then turn and fry the other side. Fry the roe and egg with the fish.

CUPPED EGGS.—Put a spoonful of very nice high-seasoned brown gravy into each cup; set the cups in a saucepan of boiling water, and, when the grate heats, drop a fresh egg into each cup; take off the saucepan, and cover it close till the eggs are nicely and tenderly cooked; dredge them with very fine mace, or nutmeg and salt. Serve them in a hot-water plate covered with a napkin.

THE RIDDLER.

Transformation Riddle.

When I'm whole I present you a type
Of the truest, best man among freemen;
By incision, an effectual "wipe"
Converts me into a demon.

By repeating the process just seen,
I'm not difficult to discover;
Curtail—I inhabit, I wean,
The nine-tenths of Finland, or over.

Now bind up my desperate wounds,
Then give me a double incision—
And curtail again, and my grounds
Need tileing, is the farmer's decision.

Curtail me again as I stand,
I "feed" every barrister's pleading;
Now "shuffle," discard, and your "hand"
Shows a part of a darkey of "breeding."

Now seize the poor African, bind,
And behead him without hesitation;
And by this prompt action you find,
He turns "ingen," by decapitation.

By the process already described,
I'm a "Hoosieric" abbreviation;
And come to the point prescribed,
For this riddle's ex-termination.

Steeles, Ind. J. C. OCHILTREE.

Algebraical Problem.

A set out from the city of C to travel to the city of D at the same time that B left D for C. When A had travelled 150 miles, he was *overtaken* by an express whose speed was twice his own. When B had travelled 180 miles, he *overlook* a drove whose speed was only half his own. A arrived at D 90 hours after the express *overtook* him, and B arrived at C 60 hours after he *overtook* the drove. A *met* B on the road between C and D at the same time that the express *met* the drove. Required—The distance from C to D—and the hourly speed of A and B.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the figure 9 like a peacock? Ans.—Because it's nothing without its tail.

☞ When a river comes into court, who should try it? Ans.—Its piers (Peers.)

☞ What is the use of an eclipse? Ans.—To give the sun time for reflection.

☞ When is a towel like a locomotive? Ans.—When it goes upon a rail.

☞ Why is a theatre a most melancholy object? Ans.—Because the people are in tiers.

☞ When is a church like a coach-wheel? Ans.—When it has a nave.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Jan. 4th.—$V\frac{1}{2}$ times the radius of the garden. Reuben Barto.

Answer to F. M. Priest's PROBLEM of Jan. 11th.—25.595916 + inches. Reuben Barto.

Answer to W. H. Sand's PROBLEM of same date.—60.76 + feet. Reuben Barto.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Jan. 18th.—21.478 + rods. R. Barto.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Jan. 25th. This problem has three answers. If the diagonal is included between 7 and 8, the side of the square will be 10,4217 chains; if between 6 and 7, it will be 8,8045 chains; if between 6 and 8, it will be 9,8989 chains. E. P. Norton. 9,8989687 + chains. R. Barto.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of Feb. 1st.—28,53,197. A. Martin. Ans. in part, the curve is called a locus, its area is 53.46 square feet. R. Barto.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Feb. 8th.—1, 10 and 26 or 4, 20 and 29. Reuben Barto.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Feb. 22nd.—3042,50. W. H. Morrow, R. Barto, J. N. Soders, A. G. Cook, E. J. S., and L. C. G., W. T. Stonebraker, J. W. Sleeper, S. B. Griffith. 5.5-77, 4.46-77, 3.19-77. E. B. Opdycke.

Answer to Melville's PROBLEM of same date.—Overpay, $0, Melville, A. G. Cook; $6.92 4-13, R. Barto; $6.923, J. N. Soders, L. C. G., H. M. Mellor, $6.1536 +, J. W. Sleeper.

RHUBARB WINE.—A few years ago, while visiting in the Connecticut valley, I drank some rhubarb wine, clear, sparkling and delicious. My host said, as he smacked his lips over it, that it equalled the best champagne, and he was a person well acquainted with wines both foreign and domestic.

I afterwards got the recipe, as follows:—Take 1 gallon of rhubarb well bruised, add 1½ gallons of cold water. Let it stand 3 days, stirring it every day. Then strain it, and to each gallon of the liquid put 4 pounds of loaf sugar. Keep it one or two months, or until it seems to have done working, then bottle it.—*H. Keene, N. H.*

ANOTHER RECIPE.—A fair article of wine for family use may be made from the juice of the rhubarb in the following manner:—Grind or mash and press the stalks, in any convenient manner. A portable or hand cider mill and press answer well for this purpose. Add as much water as there is juice and three to four pounds light-colored sugar to each gallon of the mixture. Put in casks and set in the cellar, with the bung out, leaving it until fermentation ceases, keeping the casks full in the meantime. When done working, bung up tight or bottle for use. Small quantities may be put at first into glass bottles or stone jugs.

VEAL MINCED.—Mince the veal as finely as possible, separating the skin, gristle and bones, with which a gravy should be made. Put a small quantity of the gravy into a stewpan, with a little lemon-peel grated, and a spoonful of milk or cream; thicken it with a little butter and flour, mixed gradually with the gravy; season it with salt and a little lemon-juice and Cayenne pepper. Put in the minced veal, and let it simmer a few minutes. Serve it up with sippets of bread, and garnish with sliced lemon.

EGGS IN LIME.—Pour 2 gallons hot water over 1 pint lime, and ½ pint salt; when cold put some eggs in a jar, and pour it over them; be sure there are no cracked ones.—*R. H.*